

The Sketch.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

HOTEL VICTORIA LONDON

Centrally situated in Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square. Close to principal theatres, fashionable shopping district, and chief places of interest in the West End. Bedrooms with bathrooms en suite on each floor. Roitt's Viennese Orchestra plays during Luncheon and Dinner.

Telegrams: "Victoriola, London."
Telephone: 8901 Gerrard.

GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED.

VITTEL Grande Source

is an agreeable, non-effervescent Table Water having marked curative properties in all Rheumatic and kindred affections. It is bottled at the famous Vittel Mineral Springs in the Vosges, and exported to the extent of over seven million bottles annually.

For all Ailments arising from Uric Acid, Gout,
Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, &c.

In Whole, Half, and Quarter Bottles.
— At leading Hotels, Chemists, Stores, &c. —

General Agent for United Kingdom: E. DEL MAR, 12, Mark Lane, E.C.

THE HYDE PARK HOTEL, ALBERT GATE, S.W.

HAS AN UNINTERRUPTED VIEW OVER HYDE PARK.

THE FINEST POSITION IN LONDON.

Self-Contained Suites of Unequalled Luxury.

"LONDON'S PREMIER HOTEL."

"MELANYL"

REQUIRES
NO HEATING

WARRANTED
INDELIBLE & HARMLESS.

MARKING INK

NOTE.—All 6d. and 1s. Bottles are now issued with special Metallic Pens, and a Nickel Linen Stretcher is given with each 1s. size.

Of all Chemists, Stationers, and Stores, or post free for 12 stamps from
COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Ltd., St. Bride Street, London.

Apollinaris

has received the

GRAND PRIX

Brussels Exhibition,
1910.

BASSANO, LTD., Royal Photographers, 25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

THE MOST
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS IN LONDON.

Specialities — Romney, Gainsborough, and Cosway Processes.

MAGNIFICENT ELECTRIC - LIGHT INSTALLATION.

Telephone—1552 GERRARD.

MINIATURES ON IVORY and
PORTRAITS IN OIL and PASTEL.

Price List Post Free on Application.

A HAPPY HOME
is the ambition of most people.
You can assure one by buying
Messrs. WOOD & HEMMONS' **30/-**
Easy Chairs in Velvet.



Excellent design.
Wonderful comfort.
Satisfactory workman-
ship throughout.
Spring seated.
Marvellous value.
50 ready in Old Gold,
Light Blue, Smoke
Blue, Terra Cotta,
Rose, Light and
Dark Green.

WOOD & HEMMONS
(G. E. HEMMONS),
Cabinet Makers and
Antique Dealers,
97, Redcliffe St.,
BRISTOL.

ENORMOUS SALE
AT HOME AND
ABROAD.

Size about 3 ft. high,
Seat 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft.

Sole Proprietors and makers of the Guinea Easy Chairs in Velvet.

**Note this Note
on Note Paper.**

Order

HIERATICA

from your Stationer; you will be pleased, your pen will be satisfied,
and your correspondents will be gratified. Once establish
HIERATICA in your desk, and its place will never be usurped.

Price, 1/- Box in all Sizes.

Be sure you ask for **HIERATICA**, and do not be put off with any
substitute. Write to

HIERATICA Works, Hill St., Finsbury, London,
For **Free Samples** and interesting Booklet.

KENNETH DURWARD

Sporting and Speciality Tailor.

**THE PREMIER HOUSE FOR RACING, GOLFING,
SPORTING and TRAVELLING
GARMENTS.**



Price
from
3
Gns.

THE "AINTREE" CONDUIT COAT.
A real smart Coat, unrivalled for Sporting, Racing
and Country Wear, in Cheviots, etc., of unique
designs unobtainable elsewhere.



Patterns and fully
Illustrated Catalogue
post free on application.

UNRIVALLED
ASSORT-
MENT
OF
NEW
MATERIALS
IN EXCLUSIVE
DESIGNS
FOR SPORTING,
GOLFING, COUNTRY,
and
HOLIDAY SUITS.

From
4 Guineas.

Price of
Coat
3 Guineas.

THE "SUNNINGDALE" COAT,
pronounced by the leading Golfers and Sportsmen to be
the best Sporting Coat yet invented, the expanding pleats
allowing the wearer complete freedom in any position.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

Taylor's CIMOLITE

*Powder, Soap
and Cream*
FOR EVERY NURSERY.

These useful preparations
have been manufactured for
many years, and their ex-
tensive popularity is due to
the purity of their
ingredients.

Used regularly in the
Royal Nurseries.
Prescribed by
Eminent
Skin Doctors.

Note
Trade
Mark.



Prices from 1/- Do not accept substitutes.

From all Chemists and Stores, or direct from
JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist,
13, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

THE FAMOUS



**"Mab"
Dwarf
Razor**

The description given
of the little "Mab" as
the finest shaving im-
plement in the world
is confirmed in
thousands of testi-
monials.
Black Handle **2/6**
Ivory **3/6**
The "MAB"
Safety Razor,
with extra blade,
Price **3/6**.
Safety razors with a
number of inferior
blades are of little
value, but perfor-
mance is attained when fitted
with the famous
"Mab" hollow-ground
blades.

"MAB" CO.,
Newhall Street,
Birmingham.

HIRE PURCHASE.

**Motor Cars, Carriages,
Guns, Furniture,**

OR ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, on the three years' system
of payment by instalments; or for cash at liberal discounts.
Write or call for particulars.



ARMY & NAVY HOUSE FURNISHING CO., Ltd.,
18, REGENT ST., WATERLOO PLACE, S.W. Capital
£50,000

DIRECTORS. — Colonel C. E. MACDONALD, — Chairman, Mr. F. G. CHRISTOPHER,
Captain A. J. BURNETT, Colonel H. GODFREY MORGAN, C.B., D.S.O., Managing-Director.

CARTERS

2-4 & 6 NEW CAVENDISH STREET & 90
125-127-129 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.

BY SPECIAL
APPOINTMENT

MAKERS TO
H.M. THE KING

"THE ALLEVIATION OF HUMAN PAIN"

THE 'BROOKLANDS' HAND TRICYCLE

Or Self-Propelling Bath-Chair.

Simple: Driving and Steering Both con-
trolled by the one Detachable Lever,
Easiest Spring Suspension front and
back, Ball Bearings throughout.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS IN EVERY
VARIETY FROM **42 SHILLINGS.**

For Every Conceivable Form of Comfort-
Affording Appliance.

Write for Catalogue of
"Modern Invalid
Furniture"
(600 Illustrations)
post free.

Established
Over
Fifty Years.



The "BROOKLANDS" 1911 Model.

TRADE MARK **AN** No. 314135.

Velvet Grip

Regd. Trade Mark No. 304004.

**BOSTON
GARTER**

LOOK FOR THE
PATENT
RUBBER
BUTTON

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.

COTTON (plain, check or stripe) 1/- per pair
SILK (plain elastic) 2/- per pair
By Post, 1d. per pair extra.

C. D. MORGAN & Co., Hosiery,
13, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.

**Poudre
d'Amour**

PRICE 1/- PER
BOX

In Four Tints,
BLANCHE,
NATURELLE,
ROSE &
RACHEL.

**FOR THE
COMPLEXION &
TOILET**

ALSO FOR THE NURSERY
and roughness of the Skin.
HYGIENIC & PREPARED with PURE
& HARMLESS MATERIALS
OF ALL
PERFUMERS,
CHEMISTS &c

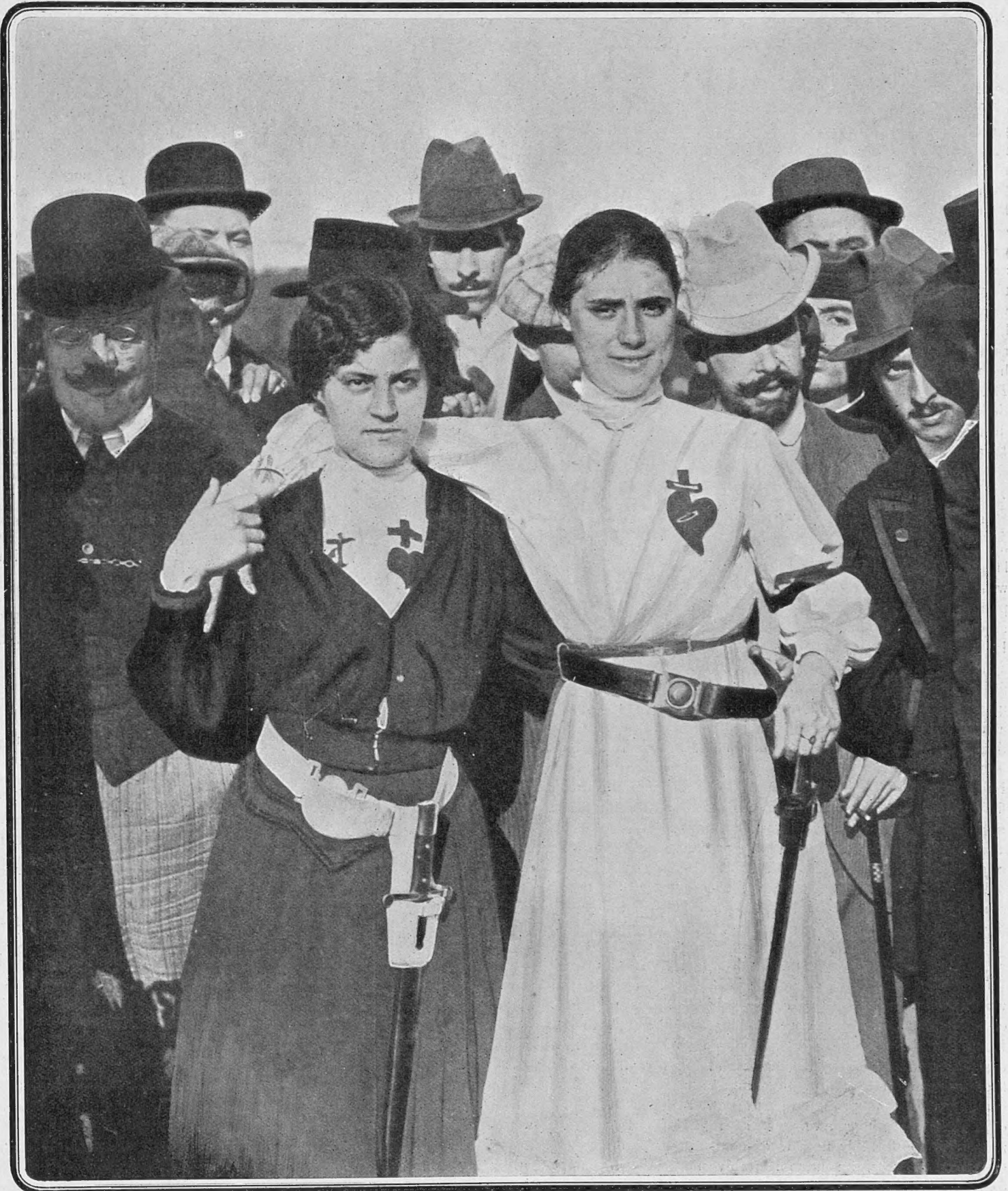
WHOLESALE
R HOVENDEN & SONS LTD LONDON.

The Sketch

No. 925.—Vol. LXXII.

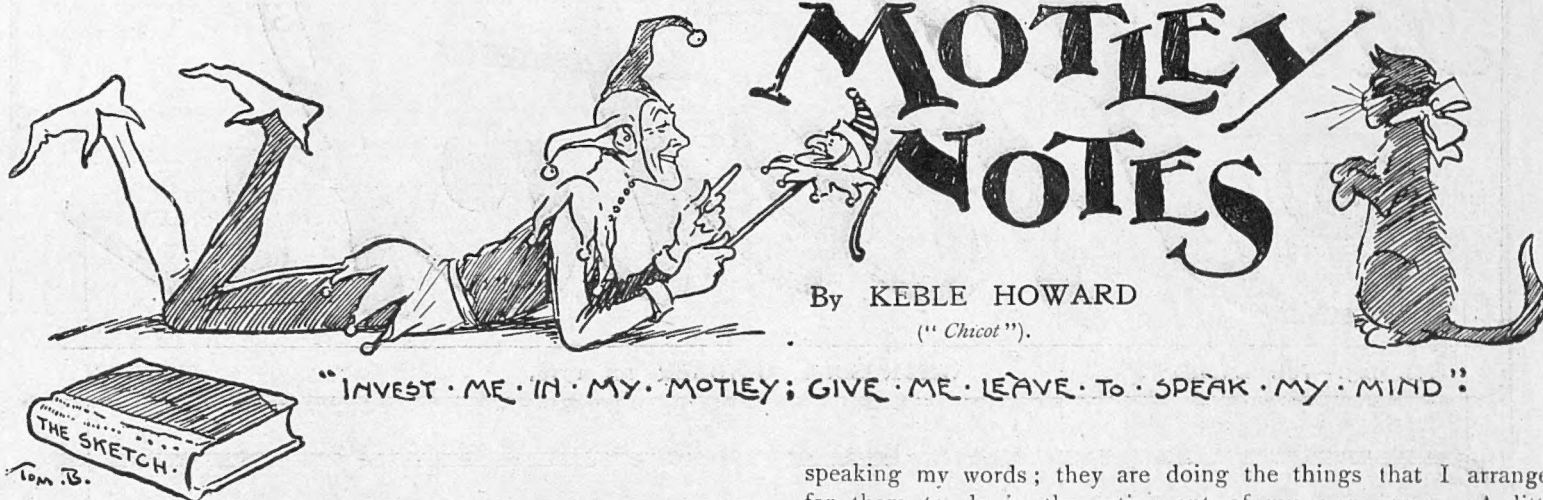
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



WITH BAYONETS AND RED HEARTS AND CROSSES: THE HEROINES OF THE BARRICADES IN LISBON—MILLES. ERMELINDA ROSA IGNACIA ANTUNES AND JULIA GARNEIRO.

During the hottest of the fighting in Lisbon, these two young girls did splendid work among the wounded at the barricades, moving from place to place under the incessant fire. One of them is sixteen; the other, seventeen. It will be noted that both wore bayonets strapped round their waists, and on the left breast of their blouses, red hearts and crosses.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

speaking my words; they are doing the things that I arranged for them to do in the retirement of my own room. A little laughter, a little applause, and it is all over. . . . All right, my friend. Tear up the programme and chuck it away. What earthly interest has it for you?

Christmas Carols. "Here's some more of it!" mutters the Destroyer. "Verses this time. And Christmas carols, by all that's idiotic! Well, I suspected him of many foolishnesses, but never of writing Christmas carols. It must have been towards the end, I suppose, when the brain was going. It beats me, though, how on earth the things ever got into print!" No, my friend, it was not towards the end, but very near the beginning. I dropped into religious verse about the age of sixteen. It was very bad verse, of course, but I wrote it sincerely, and I am not in the least ashamed of it. The Christmas carols that you are just about to hurl violently from you were set to music by an organist-friend and sung by the choir that Christmas in my father's church. I had been in bed for a fortnight, suffering from some complaint that our local doctor was rather at a loss to diagnose. "One doesn't know," he used to say. "You see that? One can't quite tell." The only symptom I can remember is a violent headache. Anyhow, they got me up and lugged me down to the church to hear my carols. I felt very shy, and greatly relieved when it was all over. Oh, as to the printing, my friend, I paid for that out of my scanty pocket-money. Vanity? By all means. You are proving the eternal truth of the Preacher's saying with every scrap of paper that you destroy.

My First Book.

Patience! You are getting near to the bottom of the drawer. Ah! That's rather a bulky package, eh? The manuscript copy, Sir, of my first book. I notice that you hesitate about destroying it. You are thinking that there might be some harmless lunatic in some corner of the world who would make a modest little bid for it. If I might ask a favour, Sir, I would beg of you to keep it on the chance. It took me rather a long time, you see, to cover all those sheets with writing. I think I knew the book by heart when I had finished it. If you have ever written a book yourself, Sir, you will pause before destroying that manuscript. There are few more formidable tasks, I imagine, than the writing of one's first book. The pile of empty pages is so very high, and the pen travels so very slowly. Then there are the countless erasures, alterations, possible improvements. One suddenly discovers, to one's horror, that Chapter Three must be entirely reconstructed and rewritten if the situation in Chapter Seventeen is to come about in a natural and plausible manner. "What will they think of this? What will they say of that?" One puts these questions to oneself at every phrase. A single brick is such a silly little thing when you are placing it in position; a man may live and die without ever having felt certain that he was building aright.

The Empty Drawer.

And now the drawer is empty, and the waste-paper-basket is full. The old desk passes into the possession of another; what, I wonder, will he put in it? Papers of strict value and great importance, or foolish odds and ends such as mine? The document that seems of such worth to the man of affairs will bore his executor, I have no doubt, just as surely as my trumpery souvenirs, Sir, have bored you. Of the two, I, perhaps, am the more fortunate, for I notice that you have decided to spare one or two trifles. Thus sentimental value survives, however feebly, after mere legal value has departed. Why, if only you can discover that harmless lunatic, he might even offer seven-and-sixpence for the old desk itself.

Motley Souvenirs.

Preparatory to taking for the first time that old-fashioned little trip across the Atlantic, I have been turning over a strange collection of letters, documents, pocket-books, rejected manuscripts (so pathetic in their eager neatness of handwriting!), photographs, theatre programmes, concert programmes, newspaper-cuttings, receipts, old cheques, duplicate proofs, menus, scribbled sketches by artist-friends, agreements—all the stuff, in short, that everybody keeps and nobody looks at save by accident or on some similar occasion. I have nothing of the magpie about me; I rather pride myself on avoiding an accumulation of rubbish. There are some things, however, that nobody cares to destroy. One tosses them into a box or a drawer, and there they lie, year after year, to be found and burnt at last by somebody for whom they have no sentimental interest. I can imagine such a person running through my little collection of treasures. "What's this?" he mutters to himself. "Proof of an article from the *Boy's Own Paper*? Fancy the silly juggins keeping that!" and away it goes to the waste-paper basket, torn into a hundred fragments. What does it matter to him that this is a duplicate of the first proof I ever received? When I look at it, how vividly I remember the thrill that ran through me as I drew that proof from the envelope!

My First Proof.

I was at school at the time. The article had been written, sent in, and forgotten. Conceive for yourself the intoxicating joy of receiving, instead of the laboriously copied manuscript, a long slip of closely printed matter with one's name just under the title! In a flash I had become a public personage! I was no longer a mere reader, one of the crowd. There stood my name in print as the author of an article. In that ecstatic moment I felt something that I was never to feel again—the sweets of Fame! The proof of the second article left me comparatively cold. I had discovered by that time that it is quite possible for one's name to appear in print as the author of an article without anybody caring a jot. As time went on, in fact, I discovered that it is quite possible for one's name to appear in print a thousand times without anybody knowing it outside one's immediate circle. There was no such chill in the case of the first proof. I knew what it meant, that day, to walk on air. I was the hero of one delirious hour. None of my schoolfellows had achieved such distinction. One had made a hundred runs in a cricket match; another had shot three goals out of four in a football match. But these were achievements within the common reach. I alone was a public personage. Even the masters were impressed when they thought of the cheque.

My First Play.

No matter. The fragments flutter in the air for a second, and then settle down into the waste-paper basket. The careless hand lights upon something else. "What's this? A theatre programme? Upon my soul, I can't understand why a man should be such a fool as to treasure up all this useless rubbish!" The fragments of the theatre programme follow the fragments of the proof. I, too, came across that programme the other day. It reminded me of a certain broiling afternoon at the Court Theatre. I, wearing an uncomfortably new frock-coat, an uncomfortably new pair of fancy trousers, an uncomfortably new pair of patent-leather boots, and holding in my hand an obviously new pair of gloves and a new silk hat, am standing at the back of the pit. It is about half-past two, and the theatre is slowly, very slowly, maddeningly slowly, filling. Amid the rustle of dresses, the chatter of voices in the corridors, and the bumping of seats, the curtain goes up on my first play! I get something of the sensation of my first proof all over again. The people on the stage are

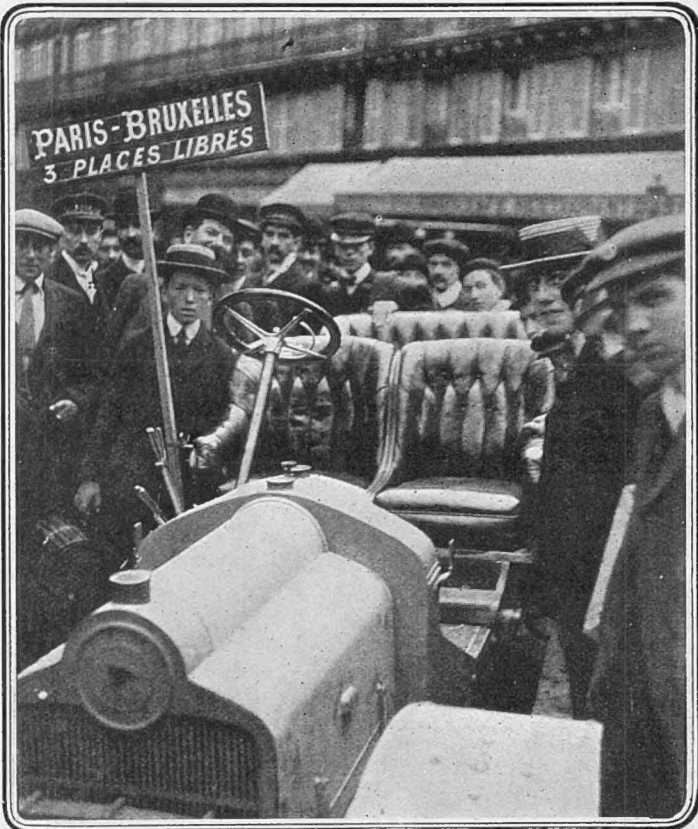
TRAINLESS PARIS: THE PLIGHT OF THE PASSENGER; AND OTHER MATTERS CONCERNING THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE.



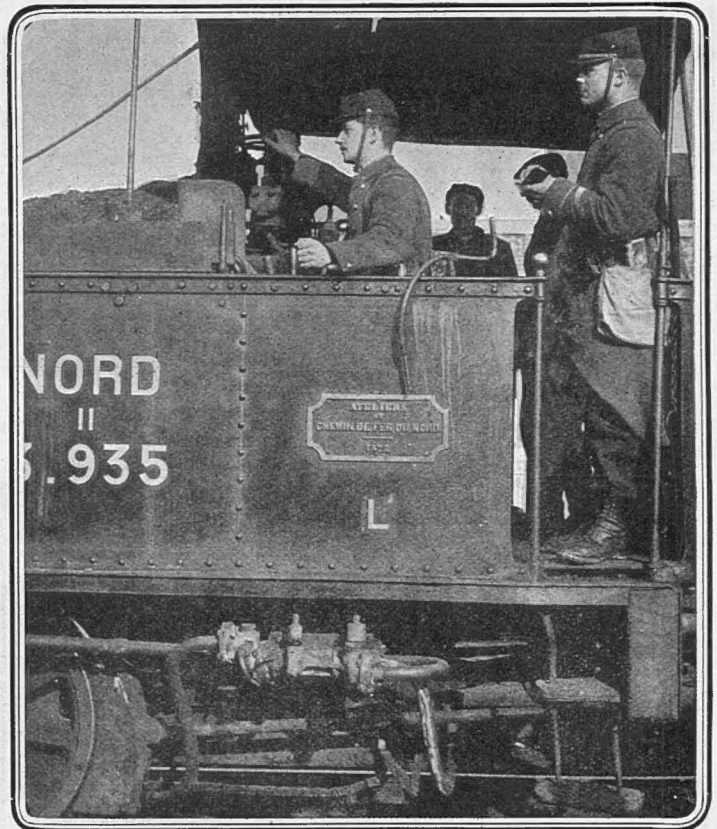
IN THE NICK OF TIME TO CATCH THE BOAT, A MOTOR-CAR FROM PARIS REACHES DIEPPE FOR THE CROSSING TO NEWHAVEN.



THEIR JOURNEY SUDDENLY CUT SHORT, PASSENGERS ON THE WESTERN RAILWAY OF FRANCE LEAVING A TRAIN TO WALK HOME.



MOTOR-EXPRESS FROM PARIS TO BRUSSELS: A CAR PLYING FOR HIRE DURING THE CESSATION OF THE TRAIN SERVICE.



SOLDIERS IN THE CAB AS ENGINE-DRIVER AND STOKER: DRIVING A TRAIN TO CALAIS DURING THE STRIKE.



GUARDING THE WESTERN RAILWAY: ZOUAVES RESTING ON STRAW AND ON BENCHES IN THE WAITING-ROOM AT NOISY-LE-SEC.

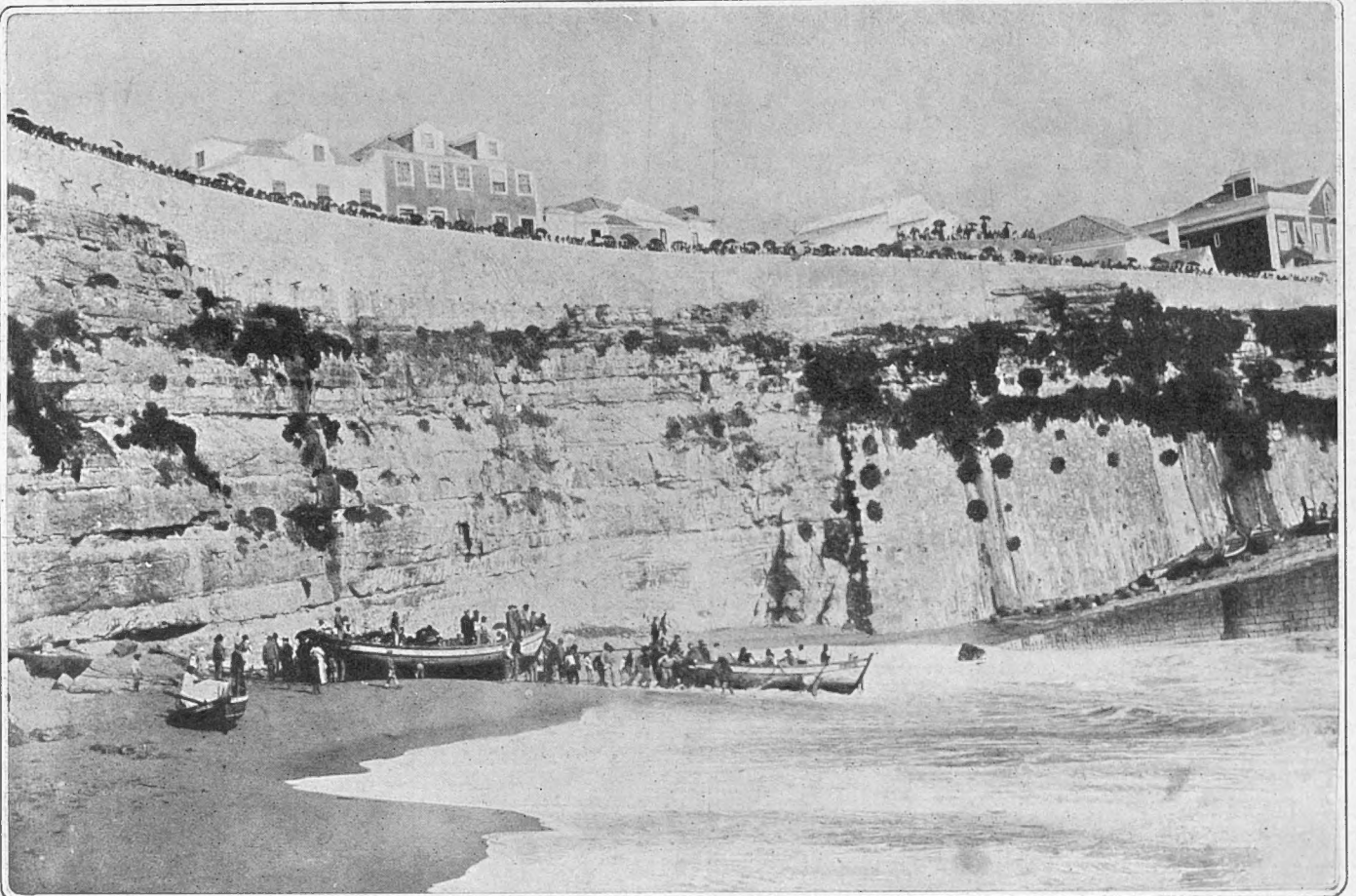


FOOD FOR THE MILITARY GUARDIANS OF THE RAILWAY: A TRAVELING-KITCHEN IN CONSIDERABLE DEMAND AT THE GARE ST. LAZARE.

For some while, the great railway strike in Paris paralysed practically all the traffic, and cut Paris off from the world so far as train communication was concerned. Later, some trains were run with the aid of soldiers and the few workers who were not on strike. Stations, lines, points, signal-boxes, tunnels, and so on were guarded by soldiers, and some thirty or forty thousand of the strikers were ordered out for military service. Travellers in a hurry to leave Paris had in many cases to get to their destinations by motor-cars, and the drivers of taxi-cabs, in particular, did a roaring trade at very high fares.

Photographs by Branger, C.N., G.P.U., Underwood and Underwood, and Sport and General.

EXILED TO MAKE A SEASIDE HOLIDAY! MANOEL II.'s FLIGHT;
AND HIS APPEARANCE AT GIBRALTAR.



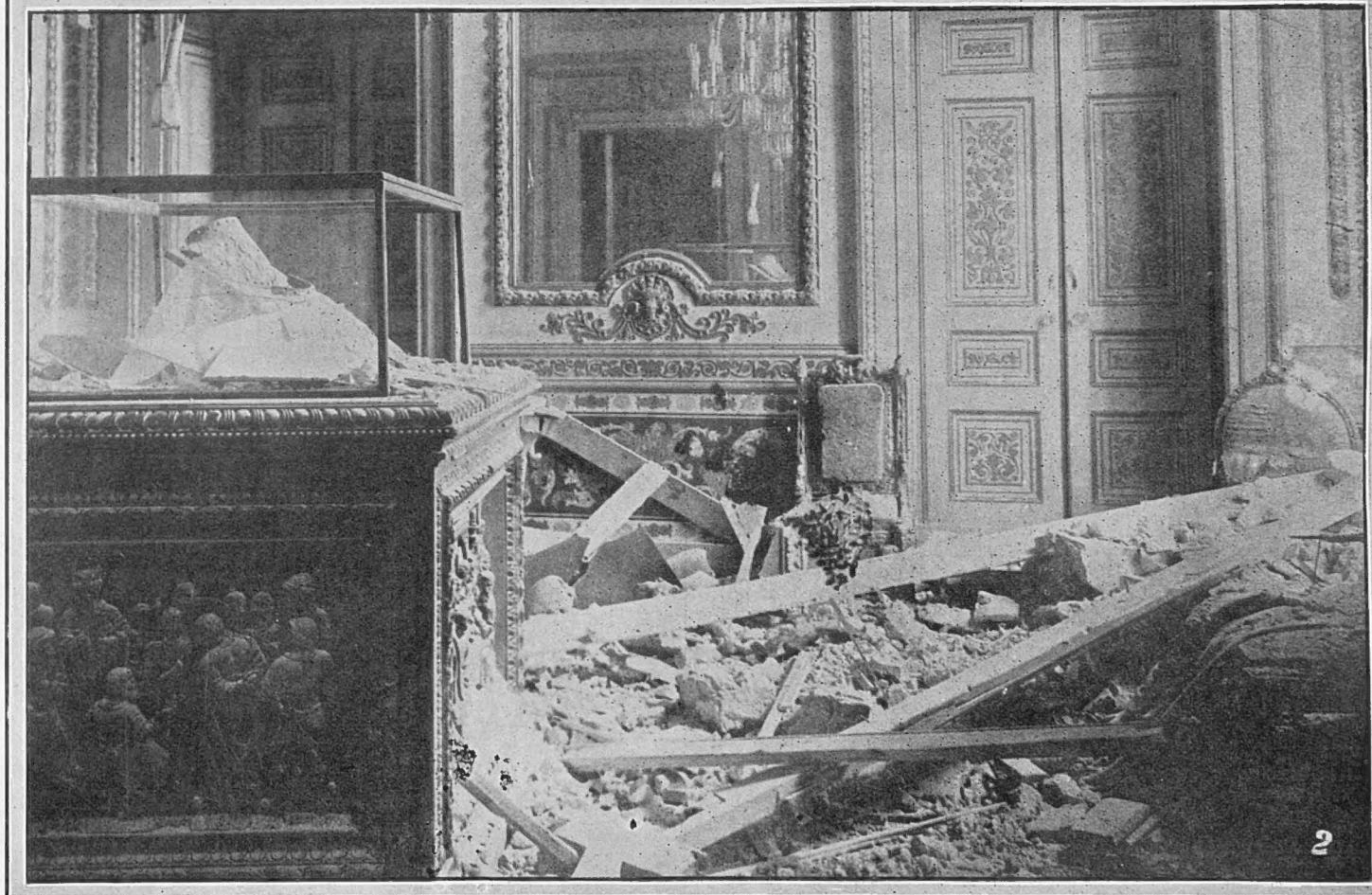
ALMOST AS IF IN A ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE! MANOEL II., THE DETHRONED KING, AND QUEENS AMELIA AND MARIA PIA, WATCHED BY A CROWD OF SIGHTSEERS, EMBARKING FOR THE ROYAL YACHT, DURING THE FLIGHT FROM PORTUGAL.



IN THE FIRST SAD DAYS OF EXILE: MANOEL II. AND HIS MOTHER, QUEEN AMELIA, LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE CROWNED AT GIBRALTAR, AFTER ATTENDING MASS ON THE SUNDAY.

It will be remarked that quite a considerable crowd watched the hurried flight of Manoel II., his mother, Queen Amelia, and his grandmother, Queen Maria Pia, from Ericeira, off which the Royal yacht "Amelia" had arrived. The dethroned King and the two Queens reached the vessel which took them to Gibraltar in two small boats. On the Sunday, Manoel II. and his mother attended mass at the Church of St. Mary the Crowned at Gibraltar. The people received them with cheers. The exiled King is described as looking very haggard and pale. It is understood that, accompanied by his mother, he will reach England about the 21st, coming from the Rock on King George's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert." For some time, at all events, he will stay at Wood Norton as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans.—[Photographs by C. N. and Benabre.]

A SIGN OF THE PRECIPITANCY OF MANOEL II.'s FLIGHT; AND A REASON FOR IT.



1. PROOF OF THE MOST HURRIED MANNER IN WHICH MANOEL II. FLED LISBON: THE DETHRONED KING'S BEDROOM AFTER ITS OWNER'S PRECIPITATE FLIGHT.

2. A CAUSE OF A KING'S FLIGHT: DAMAGE DONE IN THE NECESSIDADES PALACE BY SHELL-FIRE.

When the Revolution in Lisbon broke out, the young King was in bed. Hearing firing at about two in the morning, he inquired what was the matter, asking whether it meant a Revolution. He remained in the Palace for two hours; then went to Mafra, from which, it will be recalled, he went to Ericeira to embark on the royal yacht "Amelia," on which he steamed to Gibraltar. A uniform coat will be noted flung over the back of a chair by the dethroned King's bed. It is true that the shells of the Republicans did not do enormous damage to the Necessidades Palace as a whole, but that they did considerable damage to parts of it is made very evident by the second of our photographs.—[Photographs by Topical.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor: Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
EVERY EVENING at 8, Shakespeare's
KING HENRY VIII.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8, a Musical Play, OUR MISS GIBBS.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box-office open 10 till 10.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,
WILL APPEAR EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in a New Comedy by Louis Evan Shipman,
D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS.
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Mr. J. H. BARNES. MISS EVELYN D'ALROY.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Telephone 3903 Gerrard.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN.
EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—Under the management of Frank Curzon and
Gerald du Maurier. EVENINGS at 8.30, Mr. GERALD du MAURIER and Co. in a
New Play, NOBODY'S DAUGHTER, by George Paston. MAT. WEDS. SATS. 2.30.

EMPIRE. THE FAUN, a fantasy, by Dora Bright,
LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN,
George Robey, the Perezoffs, and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.
The Ideal Residential Hotel. A delightful combination of Hotel Life and Private Flats.
Self-contained Suites of Rooms, Single and Double Rooms for long or short periods. Recherche
Restaurant. Magnificent Public Rooms. Valetage, attendance, light, baths, inclusive. No extra
charges. Telephone, 2341 Victoria. W. M. Neffger, General Manager.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA. UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.
STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE.
Entirely redecorated throughout. Magnificent Lounge.
THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC
LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.
SPECIAL TERMS for LENGTHENED STAY DURING
THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.
ELECTRIC LIFT. Telegrams: "St. Mildred's," Westgate.
Telephone: 0106 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

<p>THE ALEXANDRA HOTEL.</p> <p>FINEST POSITION IN LONDON. Overlooking Hyde Park and Rotten Row. ADVANTAGEOUS INCLUSIVE TERMS.</p>	<p>THE FAVOURITE RENDEZVOUS OF COUNTY FAMILIES. Self-contained Suites. Charming Reception Rooms. Illustrated Tariff, apply MANAGER.</p>
--	---

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL. See the beauty spots of Warwickshire in Winter; conveniently reached from all parts. Enlarged and Remodelled. Unique Hunting Quarters. STABLING. GARAGE. PHONE 741 LMGTN.

EASTBOURNE in 1½ Hours by PULLMAN LIMITED.
EVERY SUNDAY.
From VICTORIA 10.45 a.m. Returning from EASTBOURNE 5.15 p.m. DAY RETURN TICKETS, 12s. 6d.
Fast Trains from Victoria, Week-days 9, 10, and 11.15 a.m., 12 noon, 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45 (not Sats), 6.45, 7.40, and 9.50 p.m.
Details of Superintendent of Line, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

CHOCOLATES, FONDANTS, ETC.,
made by

S. SAINSBURY

OF THE FINEST QUALITY AND IN GREAT VARIETY—PER LB., 4s.
ALSO IN SPECIAL AND FANCY BOXES, BASKETS, ETC.
FREE DELIVERY IN LONDON AND SUBURBS.
COUNTRY ORDERS OF £1 CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS.
PRICE LISTS FREE ON APPLICATION.
S. SAINSBURY, 136, REGENT ST., LONDON, W (ONLY ADDRESS) ESTD. 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

<p>INLAND.</p> <p>Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d. Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.</p>	<p>CANADA.</p> <p>Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d. Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d. Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.</p>
<p>ELSEWHERE ABROAD.</p> <p>Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s. Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.</p>	

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

HEINEMANN.
John Christopher. Romain Rolland.
Translated by Gilbert Cannan. 6s.
Hunting-Camps in Wood and Wilderness. H. Hesketh Prichard. 15s. net.
A. AND C. BLACK
The Tiger. Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Mackler-Ferryman, F.R.G.S. 3s. 6d. net.
The Book of Lawson Wood. A. E. Johnson. 1s. 6d. net.

METHUEN.
The Finer Grain. Henry James. 6s.
E. ARNOLD.
The Return. Walter de la Mare. 6s.
The Little Gray Man. Jane Wardle. 6s.
ELLIOT STOCK.
Songs of the Dayspring. Frank Brebner. 1s. net.
When Witches Lived. Baldwin S. Hardy. 3s. 6d. net.

CONSTABLE.
Clever Betsey. Clara Louise Burnham. 6s.
John Winterbourne's Family. Alice Brown. 6s.
The Winter Queen. Marie Hay. 12s. 6d. net.

SMITH, ELDER.
A Knight of Poland. M. E. Carr. 6s.
MACMILLAN
The Hunting of the Snark. Lewis Carroll. 1s. net.

FOULIS.
The Elder and His Wife. H. C. Preston Macgoun. 1s. 6d. net.

WARD, LOCK.
Justice. Marie Connor Leighton. 6s.
EVELEIGH NASH.
Whiskers and Soda. Frank Richardson. 6s.

DUCKWORTH.
Sporting Days and Sporting Ways. Ralph Nevill. 12s. 6d. net.

ALLEN AND SONS.
A Dreamer's Tales. Lord Dunsany. 6s.

HURST AND BLACKETT.
Passing of the Third Floor Back. Jerome K. Jerome. 1s. 6d. net.

HUTCHINSON.
Beyond These Voices. M. E. Braddon. 6s.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22.

MANOEL II. AFTER HIS FLIGHT.

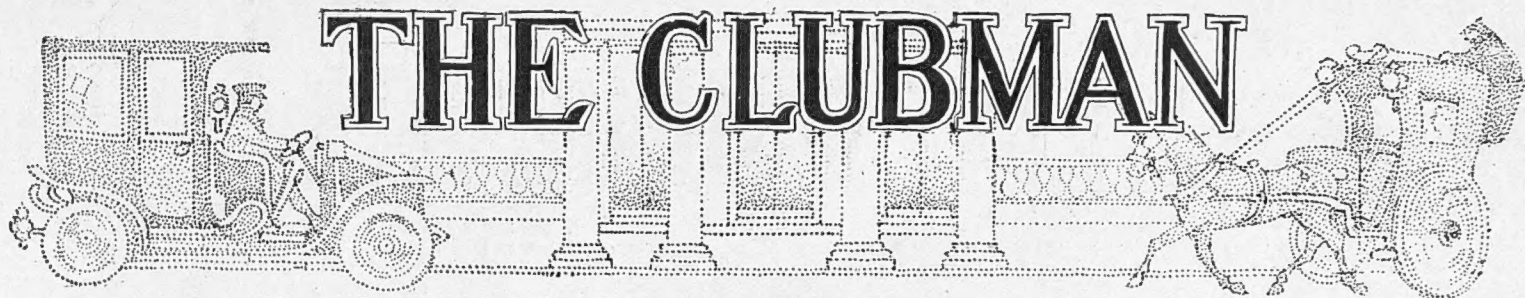
THE GREAT DIRIGIBLE JOURNEY BY WELLMAN.

THE PARIS STRIKE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.
EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.



King Manoel and England.

King Manoel is coming to England, that safe refuge for all kings in exile, who find in the freedom of our country life, and in the ordinary Englishman's capacity for minding his own business, restful surroundings denied to them in Continental countries. He will be received by the people at large with that courtesy and that sympathy always shown to anyone fallen from high estate, and doubtless he will become, as many of his relations have done before him, an excellent country gentleman. It is not entirely his fault, and it is none of our business, that he has not helped the cause of kingship throughout the world. He was called upon suddenly to show in the most difficult circumstances that highest courage which Napoleon called "three o'clock in the morning courage," and he behaved, not as a hero, but as any ordinary nervous lad might be expected to behave. Bullets in general street fighting are just as likely to kill a king as a beggar, though not more likely; but King Manoel would have gone down to posterity as a more picturesque figure had he headed one charge of the loyalists than he does as driving furiously to seek safety at Mafra.

The Portuguese Colonies.

What we in England have now to hope for is that Portugal, under whatever form of government she may come, will prove herself strong enough to hold her colonies to the mother-country. Madeira and the Cape Verde Islands are on the ocean high-road to the Cape; through Lorenzo Marquez and Mozambique lie the short cuts to some of our African Colonies. Goa is on the flank of India, and Macao is but a step from Hong-Kong. In unfriendly hands or in hands which might perhaps become unfriendly, these colonies, should they ever be lost to Portugal, might become a menace to our Empire.

Macao.

Not that some of the Portuguese colonies might not be all the better for a stronger rule. Macao, when I knew it some twenty years ago, and as I hear it is still, was a Monte Carlo of the Far Eastern seas. Its trade in silks and tea had been sucked away by Hong-Kong, but the Chinese keepers of gaming-sheds did a very lucrative business, and, I believe, paid heavily in taxes to the Government for their privileges. Chinamen from the south of the great Empire and the English from Hong-Kong met round the tables where Fan-tan was played. Fan-tan seems to be so simple a game that it must be impossible to cheat at it; but when gambling in large sums was carried on at the tables, the Europeans often thought it advisable to enclose in envelopes the notes which were their stakes, in order that the Celestial croupiers might not know whether the stake was a large one or a small one. The game is played by placing a number of coins in a bowl and then turning them out from the bowl on to the table and counting them by fours. The gaming is done by wagering as to whether there will be three, two,

one, or no coins left after the last four have been counted. While the coins are still in a small heap, the quick eyes of a Celestial gambler can count them; but the quicker eye of the Chinese croupier can see what the residue is to be even quicker than the gambler. One of the simplest ways—and there are many—in which the croupiers can incline fortune to the side of the bank is by having among the mass coins formed of one or two very thin slices, which adhere to each other unless tapped by the counting-stick, when they become separate coins. This, of course, has to be done before anyone except the croupier has been able to count up the number of coins.

Macao Ghosts.

Macao has a number of well-established ghosts, some of which haunt cemeteries, while others are to be met in great "godowns," where the silks used to be stored. I made the acquaintance once of one of the latter ghosts. My host put me in what he told me was the haunted room, and said that if I blew out my light before midnight I should see the apparition. As the bells of a church near by struck twelve I saw a thin, misty, draped figure rise from the ground without any sound, and apparently vanish through the ceiling. The explanation was that the room of honour, which I had been given, used to be the bedroom of the head of the firm, and that a staircase used to connect it with the warehouse below. The staircase had been removed, the opening boarded over, and matting laid on the whole floor; but the wood had shrunk, and when the watchman, in felt shoes, at midnight went round the empty warehouse carrying a lantern, the light from the lantern struck up through the curved aperture left by the shrinking of the wood, and formed a most perfect shrouded, luminous figure.

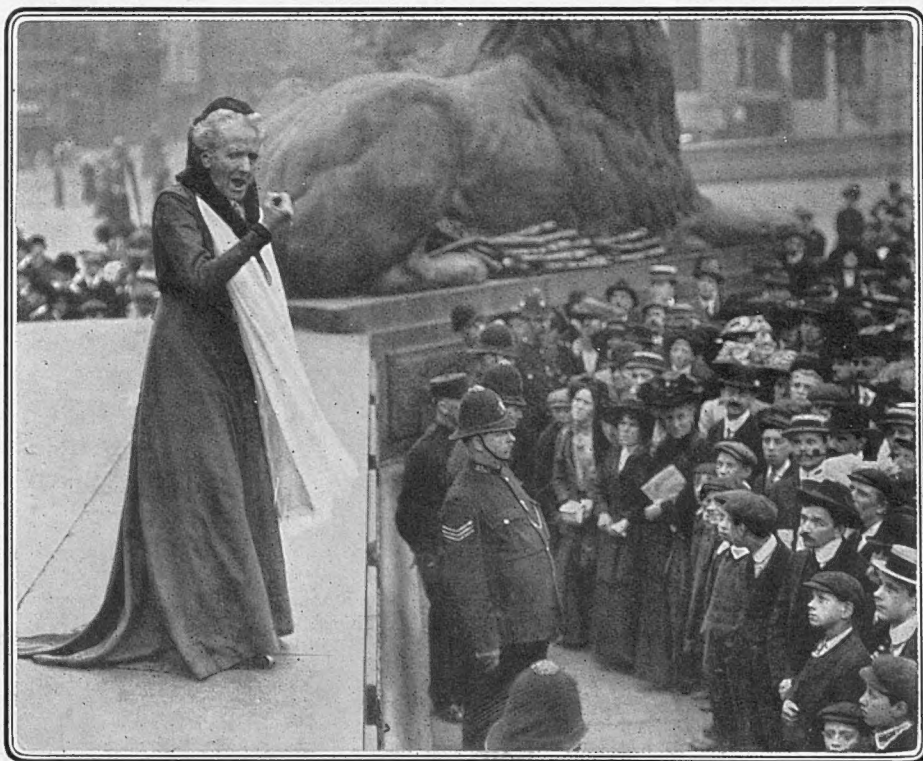
Goa.

Goa, in the early days of British adventuring into the unknown East, used to be a terror to stout exploring Protestants, for it was one of the strongholds of the Inquisition, and heretics were as mercilessly tortured and burnt there as they were in the cities of the Spanish peninsula. It was from Goa, so the story runs, that the little Christian maid went to Futepur Sikri to become the wife of that great Mogul who took a bride of each of the great religions of India, in order that he might learn what was best in all of them. Her little house, with the paintings of angels and lilies still to be traced on it, stands amidst the great halls of the deserted capital. Some modern historians deny her existence, but to do this destroys a pathetic and picturesque figure. Goa deserves well of India at the present time, for the Goanese "boys" are excellent cooks and excellent body servants; and though many of them, by constant intermarriage with the natives of India, are of the deepest shade of Indian colour, they are all immensely proud of their Portuguese names and their Portuguese ancestry.



THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF ENGLAND—MISS MAMIE WHITTAKER. It will be remembered that Miss Whittaker, of Hyde Park Gate, won the title "Beauty Queen of England" at Folkestone in August of this year. She now holds this title, and will retain it until August of next year. Possibly, then we may find her winning it again. She is also entitled to wear the royal robe and the crown which go with the title.

Photograph by Bassano.



A HARD FIGHT FOR CONCILIATION: MRS. DESPARD WAGING WORDY WARFARE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Our photograph shows Mrs. Despard speaking at the first great open-air demonstration of the Suffragettes before the opening of the next session of Parliament.—[Photograph by C.N.]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

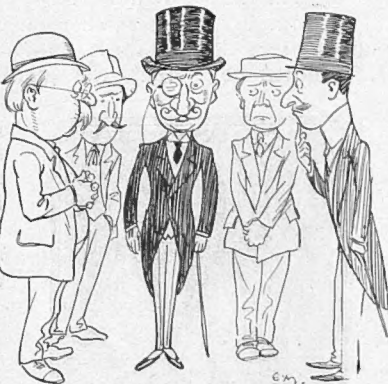
WE are not as lovely as we were in our childhood, because the necessity for eating coarsens our jaws and turns the beautiful full, red lips of the baby into a long, horizontal slit. Now, then, children, which will you have in the future—mutton-chops or Westminster Abbey?

When a comet turns away from the sun and goes into interstellar space, it gets frozen. Had we not decided not to mention the subject for the next sixty years, we should imagine that the skating season was about to begin on our old friend Halley's Comet.



An American has invented an illuminated shell. This is really humane. There is nothing so annoying as to be hit in the back in the dark by a shell that you cannot see.

Bad news for the born-tireds. Mr. Rockefeller's Commission has discovered that the best cure for the microbe of laziness is kerosene. And worse still, the Oil War has knocked down the price of kerosene, so that energy will soon be going cheap.



Professor Metchnikoff has produced gout in chickens by feeding them on raw horseflesh. Without wishing to appear unduly fastidious, we shall confine ourselves to the ordinary flat-footed hen at lunch.



Dr. Isenbart, a Swiss medical man, proves that a teetotaler seldom lives more than fifty years, while an immoderate drinker averages fifty-

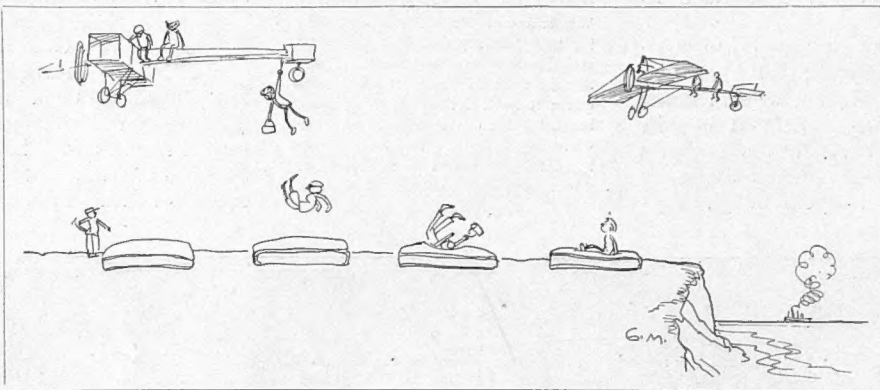
seven years, and a moderate drinker sixty-three years. And in spite of this, the Swiss Government is forcing its citizens to commit suicide by forbidding the sale of absinthe!

The President of the French Aerial League estimates that in a year or two aeroplanes will flap passengers across the Channel at 3s. 7d. a head. Make it an even 4s. and land on a feather-bed, and we will try it.

It is hardly worth while bringing mud over from La Toja, in Spain, to make poultices here. Whenever it rains we get plastered all over with our own London product.

"The right way of honouring a great author is not to erect statues to him, but to read his works," says the *Deutsche Revue*. Nothing, you will notice, about robbing him of his royalties.

M. Maeterlinck has been writing ecstatically of the marriage customs of scorpions, which, it appears, end by the newly married husband being eaten by his bride in mistake for the wedding-cake. With mankind, the cruelty is all on the side of the lover; for example, when a Greenlander proposes, he knocks his beloved down with the word "Unifgræerndlainerfironajunguarrigujak."



Fashion Notes.—Now is the time when the wise virgin renovates her complexion and gets rid of the becoming tan of the seaside holidays. Sandpaper would seem to be indicated.

How delightful is the study of natural history! We have long known that a tortoise is an insect, and now it is

stated that a ferret is an engine. These little surprises make life tolerable.

"It is extraordinary the absence of crime in this district," said the Acton magistrate. Is this a compliment or a libel on the inhabitants?

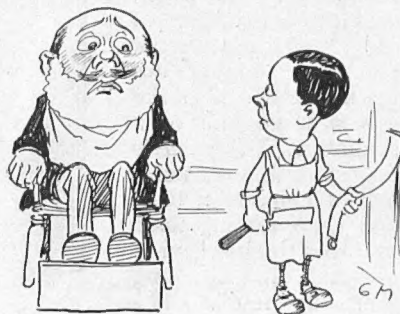
Barbers' lathering boys, says Dr. Argles, show signs of extreme nervousness. But that is a mere trifle compared with the nervousness shown by the customer when the barber's boy first tries his hand at a shave.



THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

Yesterday saw the penultimate fly
Turn up his hectapod toes and die.
He was a noisome and noxious beast,
But there's this to be said to his
credit at least—
He's quiet at last, and unable to buzz
In the drunken way his survivor does.
That lonely specimen still remains,
A fly professor of aeroplanes;
For more than a week in vain I've
tried

The various forms of insecticide
And disinfectants, all guaranteed
To put an end to the *musca* breed.
But still he staggers about my room,
With fiendish cunning dodging his
doom.
He's so persistent, I'm sure he'll try
To pose as a centenarian fly;
If that's his ambition I shall not grudge
Him a portrait-block in the *Daily
Smudge*.



IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY: THE LEITCH-HILTON GOLF MATCH.



PROVING WHAT A FIRST-CLASS WOMAN GOLFER CAN DO AGAINST A FIRST-CLASS MAN GOLFER:
MISS CECILIA LEITCH AND MR. H. H. HILTON PLAYING THEIR FAMOUS SEVENTY-TWO HOLE MATCH.

Extraordinary interest was taken in the seventy-two hole match between Miss Cecilia Leitch, the famous nineteen-year-old golfer, and Mr. H. H. Hilton, the ex-amateur and open champion. Miss Leitch received half a stroke a hole. The first part of the match was played on the Walton Heath Club's course. The day finished with Mr. Hilton one up. The second day's play took place at Sunningdale, and Miss Leitch won the match brilliantly by two up and one to play. There is little doubt that her pluck pulled her through, for at one time on the second day she was in so bad a position that many less courageous would have given up hope.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

SMALL TALK

THERE are signs already in the streets and agents' offices that the London of Coronation Year will be abnormally full, and the crowd that is finding town houses for the winter is seeing to it that their tenancy carries them well over the eventful period. For big houses there is less demand than for small ones, although Mrs. George Keppel had no sooner announced her intention of letting her mansion in Grosvenor Street than she was besieged with inquiries. Countess Pappenheim is to entertain again in Mansfield Street; Lady Acheson is already launched as a novice housekeeper in Chesham Street; and Lord and Lady Maidstone are looking for a dwelling within easy motor-radius of the Stock Exchange.

A Bride of a Different Day.

At Shugborough, where Sir Victor Mackenzie's courtship of Lady Mabel Anson has been successfully adventured, there are many legends of ancestral alliances. Lady Mabel is not the eldest of Lord Lichfield's daughters, but she is not so youthful as the bride of the father of the first Earl. So young did this latter lady look at the wedding-breakfast that Dean Anson, like many others of his cloth, a wag, said to her, "Anne, if you will run round the

table twice, I will give you a sovereign." She raced round in the twinkling of an eye, and claimed her coin. Four years later, when she was barely twenty, she already had four children to waylay her in such feats.

It is just ten years since a strange experience befell Lord Hamilton of Dalzell in South Africa, whither he now journeys on that "swell of the seas" H.M.S. *Balmoral Castle*. On Oct. 15, 1900, he was lying awake in his tent on the veldt when he heard a voice twice calling him by his name. The voice was that of his father, who died in Scotland, as he learnt later, at that hour and date. Since then Lord Hamilton has devoted himself more and more to the concerns of Court, commerce, and politics. A member of all the sporting clubs, he has of late well-nigh become a stranger to them. The Lanark Races, being at his own door, still hold his attention; but for the rest, he has relinquished their excitements for the larger sport of Parties.

The Pond of Despond.

Sir Hugo de Bathe, hardly less learned in horses than his wife, who was prominent in the Newmarket paddock, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. McCalmont, for the Second October Meeting. One of a long line (a Hugo de Bathe companioned Strongbow, and the family records in Drogheda can be traced back for over seven hundred years), Sir Hugo is faithful to family traditions in all his devotions. Sir Henry de Bathe,



A COUNSEL FOR THE CROWN IN THE TRIAL OF DR. CRIPPEN AND MISS LE NEVE: MR. TRAVERS HUMPHREYS.

Counsel for the Crown are Mr. R. D. Muir, Mr. Travers Humphreys, and Mr. S. Ingleby Oddie.



LEADING ON BEHALF OF DR. CRIPPEN: MR. A. A. TOBIN, K.C., M.P.

one of the best-looking men of his day, performed in private theatricals with the terrifying eyes of Rachel and the first Duke of Wellington fixed upon him, and acquitted himself bravely; and sportsmanship is taken for granted in the family. At de Bathe house, in Devon, is a mysterious pond that is almost as interesting as a racecourse. It fills only when disaster for the family or for England is impending. Even were heavy rain to fill it, it would retain its sinister meanings, for a wet Newmarket may be accounted a calamity alike for the de Bathes and Great Britain.

Cintra's Englishman.

The Duke of Wellington was reminded of more than one Englishman during his recent visit to Portugal, when the Iron Duke's name, pronounced with varying degrees of success, was, of course, on everybody's lips, whatever may have been the revolutionary omens in native hearts. No visitor to Cintra is allowed to leave without hearing of "Sir Cook," a title conferred not on the tourist who visits Portugal's Eden, but on the owner of one of the district's chief palaces. Unknown to most of his City of London associates, Sir Frederick Cook is Viscount Montserrat in Portugal; and fair as is his place in Richmond, his Portuguese estates hold first place in his heart and eye for their extreme beauty.

The Awkward Oyster.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, if he finds any difficulty in dealing with the "natives" at the Colchester Oyster Feast tomorrow, will not be the first to be troubled in the manipulation of tabletools. They say that a foreign nobleman, born and bred in remote family fastnesses, appeared at a party showing a face covered with scars not long after his marriage to an "alien" heiress. "Dear me," cried a friend, "your face, Count! Duelling again? Don't you know that your life is more valuable now?" "Ah, no," the other replied gravely, touching his torn countenance; "I have not been duelling. It is my wife. She will insist on my eating with a fork."

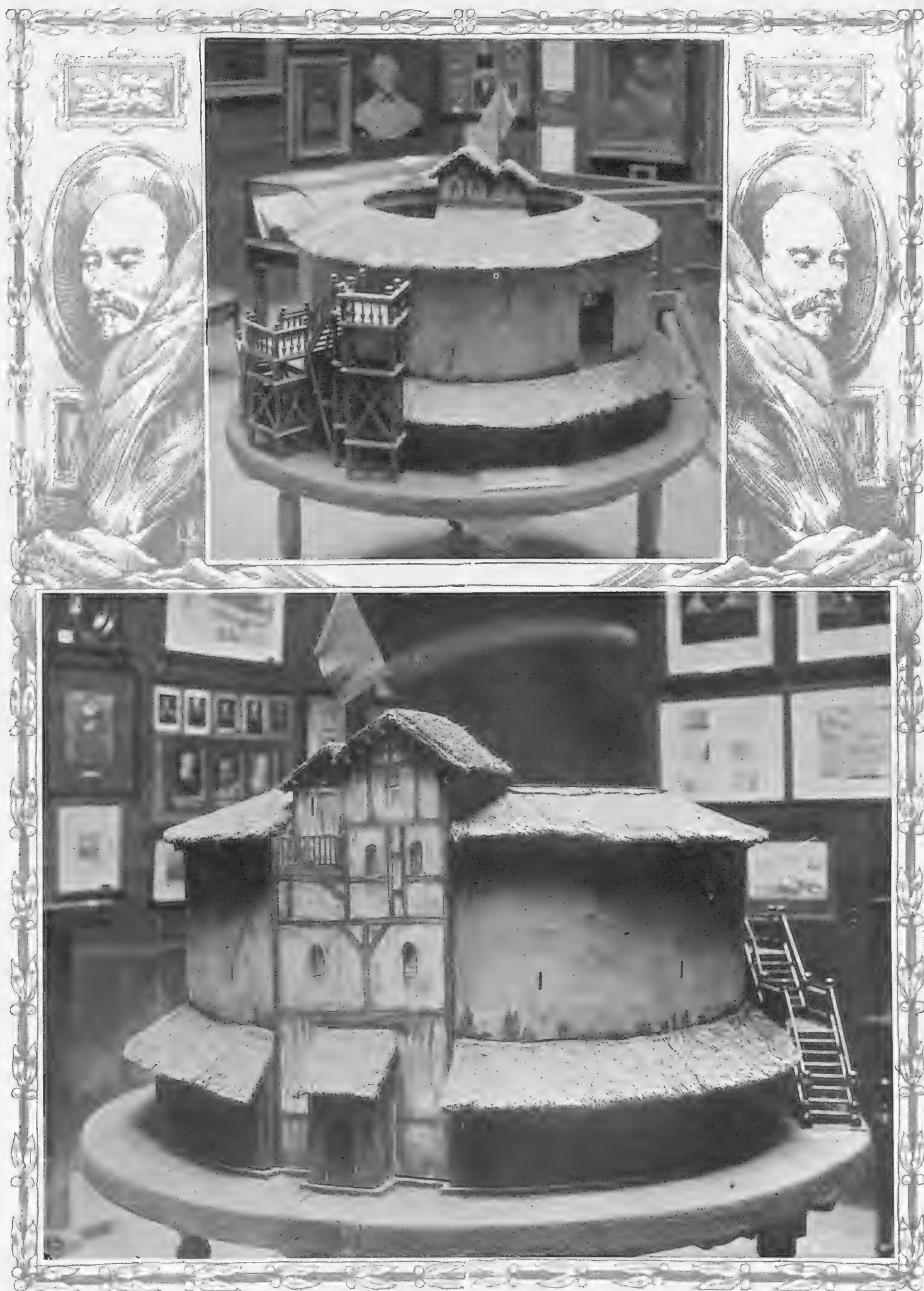
The Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre is entertaining the Earl and Countess of Cardigan, Viscount Savernake (aged six), Lady Augusta Fane, Lady Adela Cochrane, and other relatives and friends at Deene Park, Wansford. Lord Cardigan is the son and heir of the Marquess of Ailesbury, and the occurrence of his name in the Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre's visitors' list naturally recalls the grave offence given by that lady's references to Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury in her Memoirs. Her second title is of Portuguese creation, and should not be spelt "Lancaster." Even by the use of the "Lancastre" spelling she is said to have offended Queen Victoria, whose Continental cognito was Duchess of Lancaster.



COUNSEL FOR MISS LE NEVE: MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., AND MR. BARRINGTON WARD.

Photographs by Record Press.

BURNT DURING THE RUN OF "KING HENRY VIII."



THE "WOODEN O": THE GLOBE THEATRE OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

The original Globe Theatre was built in 1599 and burned in 1613, through sparks from a cannon used during a production of "King Henry VIII." A new theatre of the same name took its place. The playhouse was open to the weather, and, as may be noted, there was a considerable amount of thatching about it. In 1614, and until his death, Shakespeare owned one fourteenth of the Globe, and one seventh of the Blackfriars. Its market value was about £4200. Entrance to it was a penny; this was for standing in the pit. The galleries cost twopence; a comfortable seat, threepence. A flag was flown during performances. Our illustrations show the remarkable model at the Theatrical Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, an exhibition all theatre-lovers should visit.—[Photographs by L. N. A. and Record Press.]

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

QUEEN MARY and Queen Alexandra have many things in common with the Portuguese royal ladies, against whom there have been so many frivolous and contradictory charges made in Lisbon. The Queen-Grandmother's dress is too plain, the Queen-Mother's too Parisian! The Queen-Mother was too much wrapt up in her children, and the Queen-Grandmother in her prayers! If it's not this it's the other! The pearl-grey dress of Queen Elena, monotonously worn, was the subject of many murmurs in Rome until the splendid service of her Majesty in relief of the earthquake sufferers put all grins and grumbles to rout. The Queen-Mother of Portugal might have borne herself equally well had occasion offered, for she has always cared for the nursing of the sick, and is, indeed, almost a specialist in diseases of the eye.

The Exiled King.

Despite Daudet's "Les Rois en Exil," Paris is no longer a place for monarchs driven from their thrones. England, though a French novelist may not admit it, is now the favourite haunt of kings disrowned, despite the traditional sympathy shown by our Press for revolution—in every country but our own. King Manoel liked his London when he was here three months ago, but he would not care to become a Londoner unless his income were considerable—and his finances are still a matter on which he himself waits for information. The members of our own royal family have a great personal liking for King Manoel, and though his presence at royal functions might create difficulties of precedence, they will give him a private welcome of unmistakable warmth.

Our England has been pre-eminently the guest-house for dynasties in distress. Another, and a once-reigning, branch of the House of Braganza already has its representative among us. The Isle of Wight has been entertaining unawares, these last eight years back, a lady known to Courts as the Dowager Duchess of Braganza, who, within the cloisters of St. Cecilia's Abbey, West Cowes, is plain "Mère Adelaide." King Edward called on the venerable nun during one of his last Cowes Weeks. He was a little taken back when "Mère Adelaide" told him that she would pray that he would become a saint; but, quickly recovering himself, he responded with a hearty "Oh, thank you; thank you."

Households and Mouseholes. A pioneer in small houses is Lady Ripon, who has returned from Salsomaggiore's immense hotel to the dwelling she can, without affectation, call a cottage in North Street. There she glories in



TO MARRY MAJOR H. H. BERNARD DYSON, OF THE ROYAL SCOTS, TODAY (WEDNESDAY THE 19TH): MISS NORA WHITTELL.
Photograph by Rita Martin.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN GEOFFRY T. LEE, KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, YESTERDAY (18TH): MISS ESTELLE MARIE CARANDINI.
Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY THE HON. A. HERBERT, SON OF THE LATE EARL OF CARNARVON, ON THE 20TH: THE HON. MARY VESEV, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE VISCOUNT DE VESCI.
Photograph by Lafayette.



MARRIED TO MISS ESTELLE MARIE CARANDINI YESTERDAY (18TH): CAPTAIN GEOFFRY T. LEE.
Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN HARGREAVES BROWN YESTERDAY (18TH): MISS IVY PIGOTT, ELDERDAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL AND MRS. PIGOTT.
Photograph by Rita Martin.

the restful restrictions of narrow rooms, and when restrictions prove restful no longer, the spaciousness of the Ritz provides the change. Lord Ripon was seen there last week at a meal that would have hardly fitted into North Street. The hotels, no less than the motor that carries the Londoner to broad acres and broad bedrooms, are responsible for the desertion of the large houses.

Buckhurst.

Lord de la Warr is putting a large portion of his delightful Sussex property upon the market. Buckhurst is a place of many pleasant associations, and it gave a name to one of the characters in Disraeli's "Coningsby," where Buckhurst, a Young Englander, stands for the Baillie Cochrane of real life, later sent to the Lords as Lord Lamington. By one of those coincidences which make life amusing, Lord Lamington's daughter Constance, by her marriage with the late Lord de la Warr, became the mistress of the Sussex property. There she had Disraeli as her guest, and there was a daily luncheon in the woods. Once, as they ate their paste, the sylvan solitude was further disturbed. The jingle of harness, soft as Titania's bells, was heard by the astonished party. In reply to an exclamation from his hostess, the Minister explained, "It is a Queen's Messenger in quest of me. I left word that he was to bring his State business to me in the forest." It reads like a passage in some Disraelian romance.

"Birrellings." Mr. Birrell has been making a night of it. Three-and-a-half years ago he became Chief Secretary to the Viceroy; and for three-and-a-half years the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park has been given over to underlings, except for the short and tragic interval when Lord Tweedmouth lived—and died—there. But Mr. Birrell, during his last visit, instead of putting up at the Shelbourne Hotel, took possession of the Lodge for at least one night, entertaining at dinner the lady-folks and lawyers, the bankers and brokers, the doctors and dandies,

of Viceregal Dublin. Mr. Birrell is an excellent at-dinner as well as after-dinner talker, and his party was a great success, from the guests' point of view. But the author in the host must have longed for the even more congenial company of his Brothers in Books. And, indeed, he could make an interesting table of such, since it would draw Lady Gregory and Mr. W. B. Yeats from the Abbey Theatre, Miss Mitchell and Mr. George Russell ("A. E.") from the Plunket House, Mr. Padraic Colum from his educational experiments at Rathfarnham, Mr. James Stephens from his desk, Dr. Sigerson from his antiquities, and Mr. Shane Leslie from his electioneering, writing, and speaking.



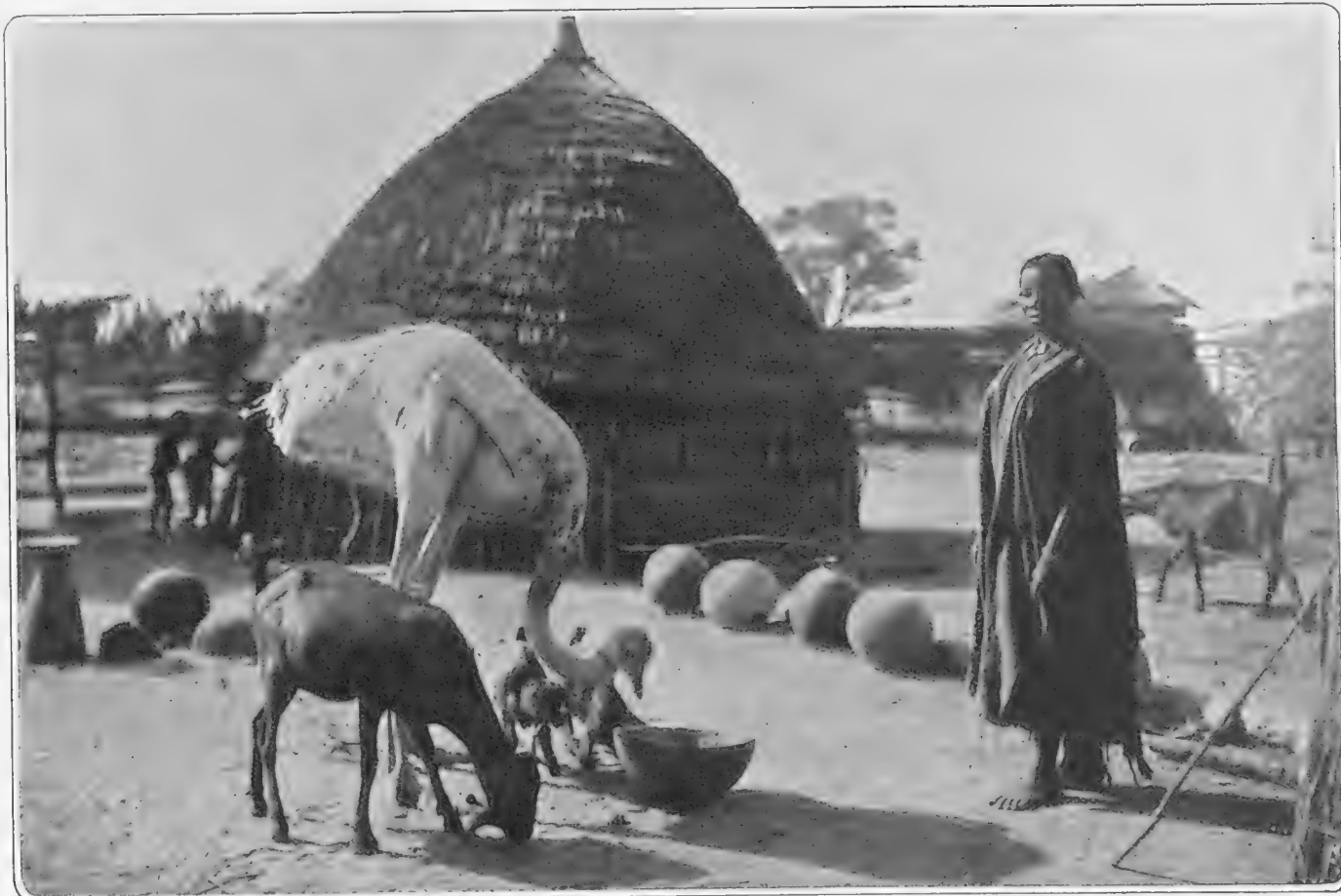
TO MARRY THE HON. MARY VESEV ON THE 20TH: THE HON. AUBREY HERBERT.
Photograph by Lafayette.

WHEN THE BIRDS SEE AND SIGH; AND WHEN THEY SEE AND LAUGH.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



FALLEN IN THE SERVICE OF MAN: REMOVING A DEAD HORSE FROM THE STREETS OF PARIS—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Photograph by Rol

PLUCKED IN THE SERVICE OF WOMAN: AN OSTRICH AFTER THE REMOVAL OF ITS PLUMES.

We present on this page two particularly curious photographs. The first is strange because it was taken from a height rather than for any other reason; the second is remarkable because it shows an ostrich in a state in which few know it. It will be seen that, though featherless, the bird is apparently quite happy, and does not worry about the fact that it looks like a plucked turkey on stilts.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By R. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Another Theatre. The addition of a theatre to the collection of West-End establishments is welcome, since the number of playhouses professing to cater for those who demand drama presented in first-class style is curiously small when the immense mass of people catered for is considered. "The Little Theatre," in the hands of such a clever woman and able actress as Miss Gertrude Kingston, should find plenty of patrons for its stalls and boxes, and it seeks no pittites or galleryites, and possesses no dress-circle, first-circle, or amphitheatre. Perhaps the start has not been very promising, though "Lysistrata" offers a rather pleasant entertainment to playgoers. Some uncharitable people imagined that in producing the farce of Aristophanes Miss Kingston was seeking a *succès de scandale*, and it is pleasant to be able to say they were wrong, and that she was accurate in asserting that there is nothing in the entertainment to bring a blush to the cheek of the mere man. The work has been generously bowdlerised, and even the temptation to act on the hint contained in some lines of the original and give us a lavish display of the ladies' charms has been resisted. There is really nothing in the affair to shock a Sunday School teacher.

And Aristophanes? What Aristophanes would have written about this version—this de-vertebrated, emasculated version—one can only guess. Perhaps Mr. Stead's Julia can get his shade to communicate with her on the subject. I fear the result would be some remarks of Rabelaisian character that would shock poor Julia and never be repeated to us. For when you have cut half the jokes, some on account of their indecency, and others because they are as puzzling as *facetiæ* about Mr. Justice Grantham's recent daring expedition into politics, or jests about the Walthamstow election, would be to Macaulay's New Zealander; and when you have toned down the naughty humours of the original scheme, there is little left of poor Aristophanes. In fact, what was left was a neatly rhymed burlesque concerning a Suffragette movement in Athens; and though you may read in what you please, the scheme is no more shocking than the humours of the last act of "The Merchant of Venice." I fear that the Suffragettes will not be grateful. Aristophanes, though he made them triumphant, was not by any means on their side, and his picture of the bibulous, lustful ladies of Athens is far from amiable. What a splendid row there must have been on that first night in Athens a-many, many years ago. Our Suffragettes would scorn the scheme of Lysistrata; but if they did not, if— However, this is no place for politics. It was interesting to hear some of the Suffragette points put forward quite effectively. Indeed, the "G. B. S." of Athens had at least that form of impartiality which consists of making fun of all parties, and so he permitted the Athenian ladies to score heavily.

Foreigner.

Although "Lysistrata" is to be added to the gloomy list of foreign plays of the season published last week in this column, patriots need not fear that we are in for a flood of Greek comedies or farces. The new piece may appeal to the "smart" people whose patronage is sought, but there will be no rage for these curiosities of drama, since, although in some respects the spirit may be curiously modern, the form is old and perplexing. The breaking-up of the choruses rendered them more intelligible than if uttered by all

the members of each chorus, but it was very hard to understand who was a member of the chorus and who a person of the play proper—or improper. In consequence of this and other matters, such works are necessarily undramatic. Inevitably, too, the loss from the necessary omission of jokes once topical, now dead, is ruinous; and if old jokes are to be replaced by new, why not have a work entirely novel? It is doubtful whether the performance was quite in the spirit. I figure Lysistrata herself as a very broad low-comedian, and not as the charming woman of the world, with a touch of imagination, presented by Miss Gertrude Kingston. Nor, I think, was the Cinesias intended to be represented as quite so desperately in earnest as by Mr. Guy Rathbone. However, it may be that after the dress-rehearsal some changes were made in the performance, and that there was a stronger infusion of the spirit of broad humour. I should add that the spirited acting of Miss Watson as Calonice was in the right vein.



THE ACTRESS WHO SPRANG INTO FAME WITH "INCONSTANT GEORGE",
MISS DORIS LYTTON.

At very short notice, Miss Doris Lytton took up the part of Micheline in "Inconstant George." She scored an exceptional personal success on the first night, and is continuing to please large and critical audiences.

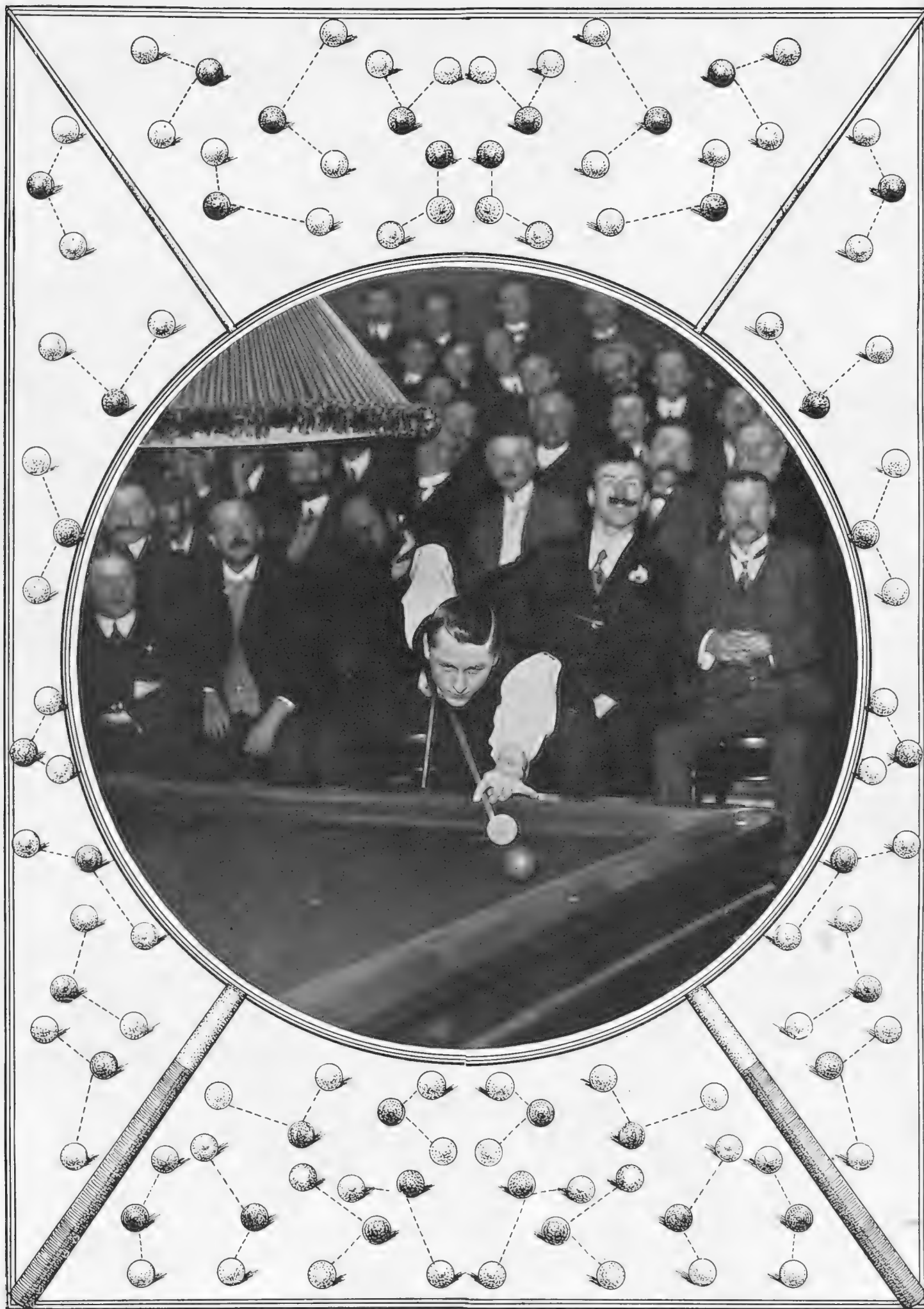
Photograph by Vandyk.

of a mimed drama than a ballet, and none the worse or less interesting on this account. Mr. Fred Farren as the Faun statue suddenly brought to life and love showed rare qualities as a mime: everybody knew that he was a nimble, dexterous dancer and dumb-show humourist, but few, I fancy, suspected his gift for serious miming. Miss Lydia Kyasht represented the flower-girl who animates the statue, and nearly loses her own life in consequence. Her miming was skilful, though it had not quite the fine dramatic quality of Mr. Farren's, and, of course, her dancing was excellent. This piece, together with "The Dancing Master," in which Miss Bedells dances delightfully, renders the programme at the Empire quite remarkably strong. I should mention that Mr. Cuthbert Clark's music well deserves a second hearing.

A Charming Ballet.

In "The Faun," the Empire has a remarkably pretty ballet, which possesses a note of fancy, even imagination, and almost a dramatic note without ceasing to be legitimate ballet. Miss Dora Bright has invented it and written the music as well. The hypercritical might hint that the charming, finely orchestrated music is better for dramatic purposes than for the service of the dancers; and, in fact, "The Faun" is more

ENOUGH TO TURN ALL BILLIARD-PLAYERS GRAY!



THE "BOY" WHO HAS BEATEN EVERY RED-BALL RECORD: GEORGE GRAY,
WHO RECENTLY MADE A BREAK OF 985.

Playing at Leeds recently, George Gray, the eighteen-year-old "boy wonder" of Australia, put up a world's record, under B.C.C. rules, by making a break of 985 (969 off the red). He is a master of losing-hazard play. His method has been described as follows: "His plan is to get the white ball out of the way, either in baulk or tucked away under the cushion below the middle pocket, and then work on the red ball from hand. When he has once gained position he scores with unerring accuracy, gauging the strength of his strokes to perfection. To keep his position he frequently negotiates difficult follow-through strokes, and plays the long losers with a strength which unfailingly brings the red below the line of the centre pockets." Before setting out to visit England he had scored 836 (831 off the red) and 800 (771 off the red). Roberts has made 1392 under spot-barred rules; and Diggle, 985.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]



"GENERAL" EDWARD LA VINE.

IT is, as his compatriot and colleague in the Palace programme, Mr. Nat Wills, the tramp comedian, says, in the great army of "The Sons of Rest," to which we should all like to belong, that "General" La Vine holds his commission.

Those who have seen his remarkable performance, which is undoubtedly one of the most popular of the many popular items which make up the programme of the Palace, will not be surprised to know that he juggles with the title.

As a matter of fact, "General" La Vine is not only a "general" in his own right, but he is also the whole army which he commands with such hilarious distinction, for his is essentially a one-man show. Indeed, he invariably refers to his show as "the Army." This fact was once the unintentional cause of a practical joke, the result of which will incite feelings of envy in the breasts of many practical jokers.

While playing an engagement in Chicago, "General" La Vine needed a man to look after the properties he uses on the stage. He accordingly inserted the following advertisement in one of the Chicago papers—"General Edward La Vine wants a man for the Army." He naturally concluded that the people who were interested in the theatre, and who knew his "act," would be the only ones who would apply. To his dismay, however, on going down to the theatre

the morning the advertisement appeared, he was amazed to see an enormous crowd outside the stage-door. It was a thousand strong when he arrived, and it more than doubled itself in the course of a few minutes. All the out-of-works who wanted work were there, and so were the boys who were fascinated by the glamour of a soldier's life. They all thought the "General" was a real general, and the "Army" for which he wanted a man was a real army. It was probably the most striking tribute to the popularity of the junior branch of the service on the other side of the Atlantic. When they heard the sort of army it was, the way they laughed at having been sold would have delighted the soul of a comedian. That laughter saved the situation. They never attempted to wreck the theatre, and they expressed no desire to have the blood of the "General."

The last thing, probably, that "General" La Vine ever intended to do was to go on the stage of a music-hall. But that his act is so essentially funny, it might almost be said that he got there by the force of gravity. When he was quite a small boy, he gave evidence of an extraordinary gift for juggling. Whatever he saw in his father's

chisels, hammers, and heavy bits of iron for the amusement of his comrades, who were constantly urging him on to new feats of dexterity and balancing. At length, one day, he picked up a piece of iron shafting weighing close on 125 lb., put it on his chin and balanced it. It was an exceedingly dangerous performance, but he carried it through with as much ease as if he had been balancing a peacock's feather.

While engaged in helping to build the big dynamos which run the trains of the Elevated Railway in New York, he went to a music-hall with a friend. A juggler gave an exceedingly clever and attractive exhibition of skill. As an amateur, the "General" that was to be was naturally interested in it. He could appreciate even better than the enthusiastic audience the skill of the performer. "It is a great show," he said. "I wonder how much money he gets for doing it." "Probably a couple of hundred dollars a week," said his friend. "Gee!" said the General, "all that money for doing that! Why, I can do everything he does myself! I have got him skinned a mile." His friend knew the juggler, and in the course of a day or two took him to Mr. La Vine's rooms to see what the latter could do. When he had gone through his tricks the juggler asked why, with such skill, he did not go on the stage, seeing that the financial possibilities were so much greater than in the electrical engineering. Before he left he promised that if Mr. La Vine would get up a little act he would arrange a trial appearance for him. Within a fortnight that trial came off. The result was that Mr. La Vine was immediately engaged, and he has never been out of an engagement since.

Modernity was the note the "General" struck at the very outset of his career. Motor-cars were just becoming the rage, and he made his appearance in a motor-car which was laden with all the properties he used for his show. He did all the usual juggling feats with balls, clubs, plates, and bottles, and, by way of a finale, he balanced the motor-car on his chin and made his exit amid a tumult of applause. He soon found, however, that juggling with a comedy end to it was even more attractive than one involving the hard work and strain of manipulating a motor-car on his chin. He had noticed at a music-hall a Japanese juggler balancing a ball on a stick. He determined to apply it to a silk hat and a cigar. That balancing feat was the germ from which all the tricks with those two articles grew, and they are still growing. Many of these tricks, like the "educated or dancing hat," began as the result of accidents. Originally, he began by throwing the hat up and catching it on the cigar. Then the hat was thrown from the cigar and caught on his head. One night, however, the hat went a little too high and came down with its edge striking his head. The result was that it "danced" about before it settled in its place. There was a roar of laughter. General La Vine looked round to see if anything had happened on the stage to cause it. Seeing nothing, he determined to repeat the effect. A second time the audience shrieked with laughter. That settled the matter. The educated hat had to perform its feats from that time forth. The trick is done with an ordinary silk hat; but if anyone thinks it is easy, let him try it for himself. As a matter of fact, although "General" La Vine has been doing that trick for six or seven years, he still finds it necessary to practise it and the others for at least two hours every day, and—just to make sure that his hand is in and his eyes are true—he has another practice in the evening before going on the stage.



IN PUBLIC LIFE: "GENERAL" EDWARD LA VINE.

"General" La Vine is giving a most amusing "silent" juggling act at the Palace. The average tramp comedian from America is particularly fertile of ideas; "General" La Vine seems a good deal more fertile than the average. He juggles most funnily with all sorts of commonplace objects.

house he juggled with. The gift grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. In due course, it was decided that he should become an electrical engineer. In the workshops he used to pick up the tools and juggle with them. In this way he utilised



IN PRIVATE LIFE: "GENERAL" EDWARD LA VINE (OF "THE SONS OF REST.")

Caddies !



III.—THE GENIUS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE

VI.—MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

MY first appearance on the stage was made so long ago that I really forget all about it. I don't mind acknowledging this, for I am, I believe, the only actress whose name is given in "Who's Who" with the date of her birth: I am not in the least sensitive on the subject of my age.

Because my recollection of that most interesting

event in my life is hazy I should not like anyone to suppose that I have a bad memory. On the contrary, I have a very good memory for parts, and I study them without the least difficulty. Becky Sharp is as

Mr. Arthur Roberts. Practically a schoolgirl just

form of entertainment. I, however, shall never return to the musical stage, though I have been invited to do so. I left it because I found so-called musical comedy was becoming an impossible stringing together of numbers more or less indifferent, with the rest of the entertainment given over to the comedian.

The first work in which I appeared was "Boccaccio," which was produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson at the Comedy Theatre, with a cast which included Miss Violet Cameron and Miss Kate Munro, Mr. Louis Kellener and



MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE RED HUSSAR" (PRODUCED AT THE LYRIC).

learnt the words in a fortnight; while, when I was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, I learnt Carmen in a week. Not only did I get the words and the songs by heart in that time, but I had committed the whole score to memory, and knew every note as the orchestra had to play it.

As a student at the Academy I played Carmen under the conditions which the Shakespeare enthusiasts are always crying out should rule the productions of the master's works. There was a green-baize curtain at the back, and nothing else. It was the only time I have ever played under Shakespearean conditions, and the result was that the professors, led by Signor Randegger, insisted that my proper place was the light-opera stage.

It has often been asserted that I made my debut in musical comedy. This is quite incorrect. Musical comedy, as it is understood to-day, is a phoenix which arose from the ashes of operabouffe at the bidding of Mr. George Edwardes. It was really his invention, and his alone, and it succeeded admirably. "The Geisha," in which I took part, was, in my opinion, the best of them all; but musical comedy old-style has had its day, and Mr. Edwardes has shown very clearly that he is favouring a much more legitimate



MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "LA BÉARNAISE" (AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S).



MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN THE EARLIER DAYS OF HER STAGE CAREER.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE RED HUSSAR."

Photographs by Elliott and Fry.

fresh from the Academy, I naturally had only a little part. I do remember that her name was Fiammetta, but whether she was a princess or a singing-girl I can't recall. I looked upon the rehearsals as something more or less in the nature of a joke, and the performance as a greater joke, for, with the delightful insouciance of youth, I had no idea of fear or nervousness. It was the only time I have never been nervous, for that feeling has increased with every succeeding part until now it has practically assumed the dimensions of a disease. The remarkable thing about my first performance was that after I had sung the first verse of my song there was a big encore. So little importance, however, did I attach to my first appearance that the applause did not impress me. Unfortunately, the revival did not last very long, and I did not do anything for a little while until "The Fay o' Fire," by the late Henry Hermann and Mr. Edward Jones, was produced at the Opera Comique. In that I had two big songs, but again my hopes were not realised, for the piece did not succeed, and it was not until I was given Miss Florence St. John's part in a revival of "Erminie" that I began to make any headway.—MARIE TEMPEST.

EXCEEDING THE LIMIT.



THE MASTER (after administering a very thorough chastisement): There; now you'd better get back to your form and sit down.
 THE SCHOLAR: O—o—o! Ain't you punished me enough already, Sir?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

PUCK "PRESENTS."*

EVEN those so unfortunate as to have missed "Puck of Pook's Hill" will need no introduction to Dan and Una, for the boyish boy and the womanly girl are known to everyone. Of course, they belong to Sussex, as, apparently, must all folk of any interest or importance, not excluding Drake, a fact entailing an ingenious explanation in this very book. Frankie is allowed to have been born "somewhere out West," but his father had to run for it when Frankie was a baby, and he was reared in an old hulk moored in the River Medway. "Brought up *at sea*, you might say, before he could walk *on land*—nigh Chatham, in Kent. And ain't Kent back-door to Sussex? And don't that make Frankie Sussex? O' course it do! Devon man? Bah! Those West-country boats, they're always fishin' in other folks' water." As the two children take their pleasure on Sussex down or shore, they are joined by Puck (obviously Sussex-bred), who arranges for them the most enchanting entertainments. He can tell a tale himself with any—witness "Cold Iron"; but he prefers to choose a natural theatre, to await the dramatic moment, and then to "present" his leading gentleman or lady who shall colour as fine as life, and perhaps finer, the grey pages of school history-books.

Dan and Una meet or hear of quite a number of personages in this way: Harold, Harry, and Elizabeth of England, Wellington, Drake, and Talleyrand are among the great names. Queen Bess, wrapped in a cloak to her red-heeled shoes, her face half-covered in a black, silk-fringed mask, appeared in Willow Shaw, the little fenced wood where the hop-poles were stacked like Indian wigwams (Puck was a crafty stage-manager). She dropped her cloak, stood forth in dove-coloured satin running over with pearls, and danced a majestical dance while she talked Queen-lore. She tells of two dainty gallants who fought over a glance of hers, which each believed directed at him, how they were haled before her, a brace of young Cupids transformed into pale, panting Cains; how she danced with them, and sent them, young and brave and innocent, to probable death, to inevitable disgrace, because she would menace Philip on his own seas while keeping the peace; how they went, thrilling to her kiss and glad of her promised gifts, which were death and dishonour, because she was their Queen, and behind her their England. And Dan, boy-like, thought all was well done; but Una frowned, woman-like.

Each story is packed, Kipling-wise, with a fair sheet of rhyming in harmony with the story's scheme; and the verse which follows this episode is called "The Queen's Looking-Glass." It begins with—

The Queen was in her chamber, and she was middling old.

Old enough, at least, to shy at her looking-glass. Mary

Stuart and Leicester appear, to point the moral with reproaches, but—

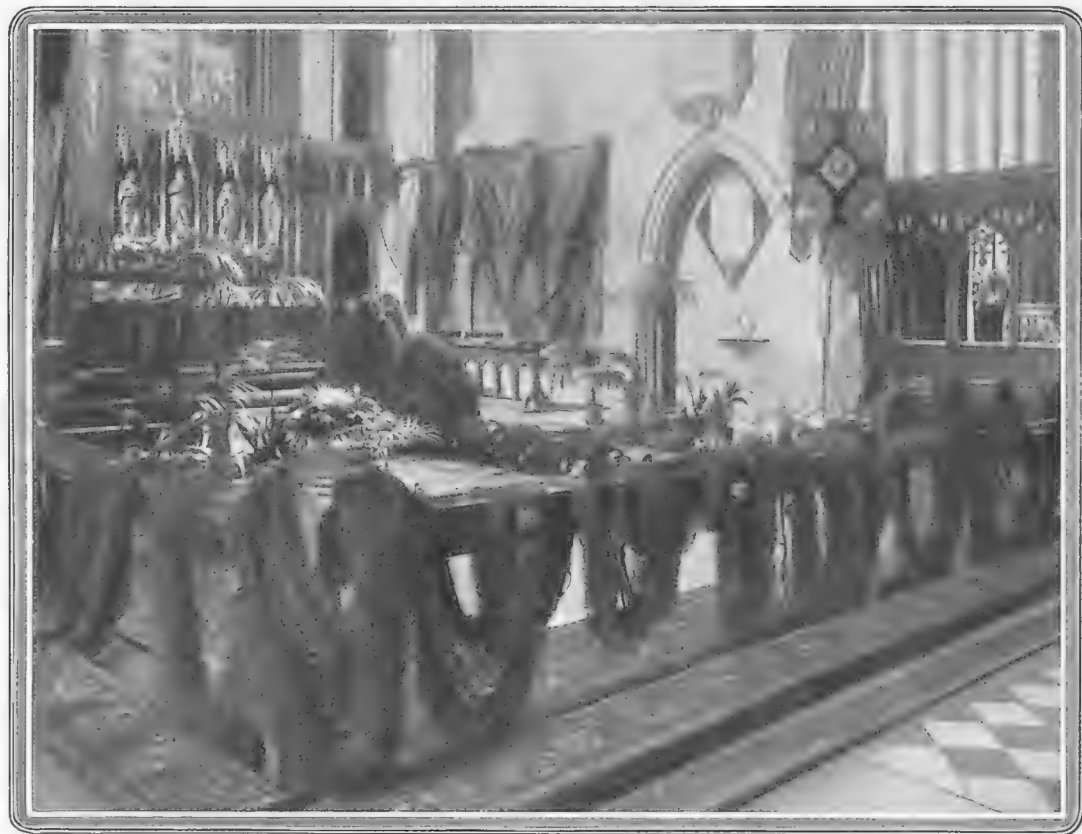
The Queen was in her chamber; her sins were on her head;
She looked the spirits up and down and stately she said:
"Backwards and forwards and sideways though I've been,
Yet I am Harry's daughter, and I am England's Queen!"
And she faced the looking-glass (and whatever else there was),
And she saw her day was over and she saw her beauty pass
In the cruel looking-glass, that can always hurt a lass
More hard than any ghost there is or any man there was.

Mr. Kipling is at his very best in a tale like "The Knife and the Naked Chalk." Of a summer afternoon, when the curves of the bare chalk downs shook in the heat, the children stretched themselves to rest and a gull flapped lazily along the cliff's white edge. Then and there they learned of the Flint-man's elemental hate for the Beast who scorned his blue arrow-heads, of his helpless rage as the Beast leaped on his shoulder, feeling for the vein in his neck.

They saw him draw the Magic Knife of Iron from his belt; they heard of its forging by the Children of the Forest, of its purchase, and the terrible price of maiming which the Flint-man paid. But henceforth the Beast would be mastered, and the sheep "which are the people," safe. And the hero returned glad to his sheep, to his people, and his Maiden—for he was betrothed. And they said, "It is the work of a god." His Maiden and his Friend worshipped and withdrew, till there was left only the wise Mother. But there is always the one Mother for the one Son, and she said, "Be wise—be very wise, my son, for nothing is left you except the words and the songs, and the

worship of a god." "Oh, poor, poor god!" said Puck.—"But those are not altogether bad things." "I know they are not; but I would sell them all—all—all for one small child of my own smearing himself with the ashes of our own house-fire. And yet, what else could I have done?" he said.—"The sheep are the people." "It is a very old tale," Puck answered.

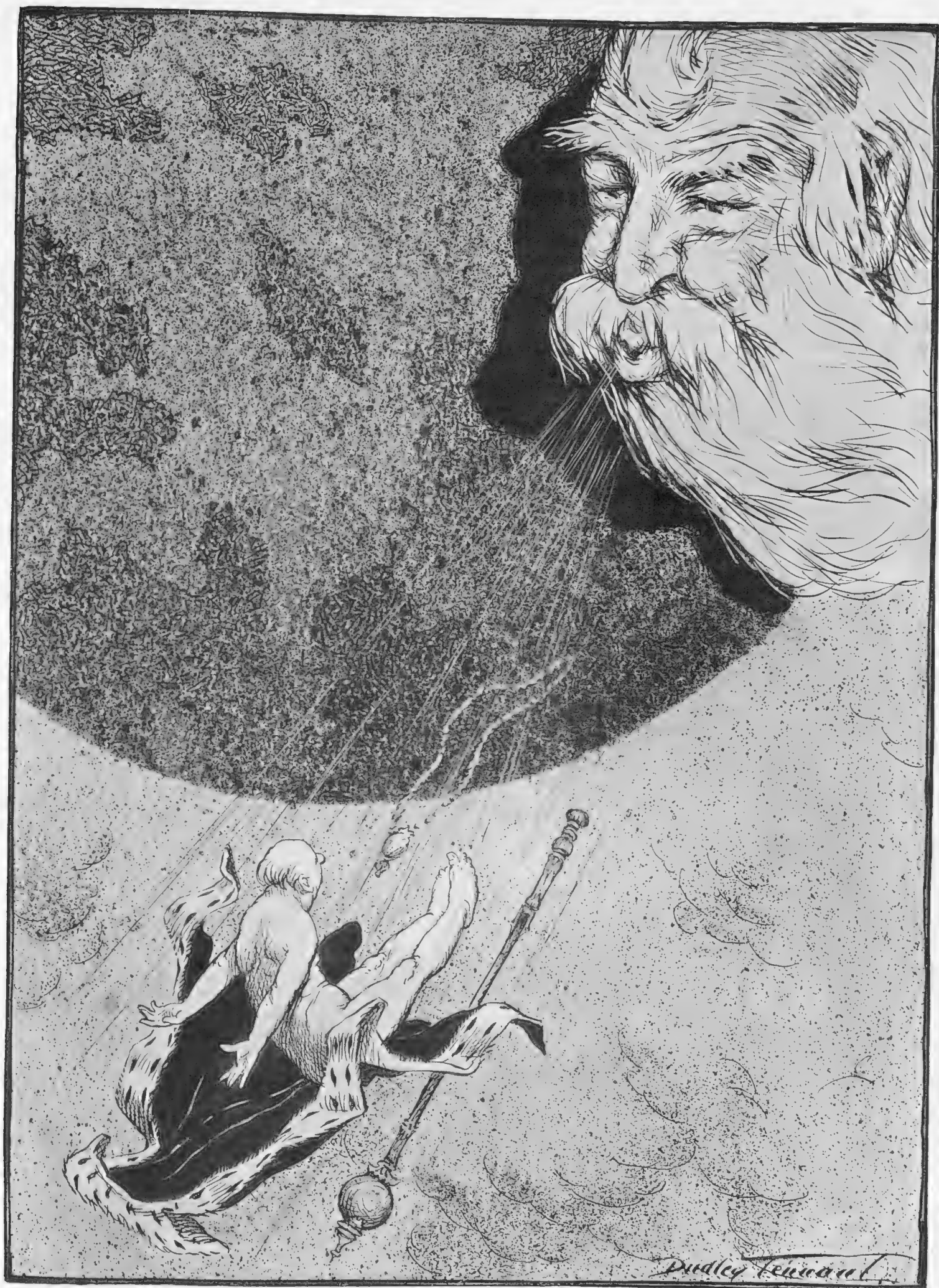
"We are only a lad and a lass and a poor lubberkin," Puck explains somewhere; but in Mr. Kipling's hands the combination becomes irresistible. Everything is granted them; one believes in the pudding that Simple Simon made for Drake when the ship's cook was hurt. "I done my uttermost, but she all fetched adrift-like in the bag, an' the more I biled the bits of her the less she favoured any fashion of pudden." "Nex' time you bring me anything," says Frankie, "you bring me cannon-shot, an' I'll know what I'm getting." And Simon did. And the Lord High Admiral of England, who drew men's spirits up in their bodies, "same as a chimney-towel draws a fire," kissed him before all his fine young Captains. Talleyrand and his gratitude are accepted as simply as the Dudeneyn wisdom that you must never give a sheep-dog mutton-bones. The joyous vitality of it all once again, as so often of old in Mr. Kipling's art, surges round one like a bright, cool bath, from which one steps buoyantly, proud of manhood, glad of the world.



NETS WAITING TO BE BLESSED: HERRING-NETS IN YARMOUTH PARISH CHURCH.

The old ceremony of blessing the nets took place the other day at Yarmouth Parish Church. It marks the beginning of the fishing off the East Coast.—[Photograph by Temple.]

WHAT KINGSHIP IS COMING TO.



"DRESS IN A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY"—AND THEN!

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

HALF-A-DOZEN men were discussing "The Chocolate Soldier" one evening over their cigars, when Captain Tolroy, chancing at the moment to enter the smoking-room, joined the group; as somebody remarked to his neighbour—"appropriately enough," adding aloud—

"The Bulgarians seem a queer lot—eh, Tolroy? What do you think?" Captain Tolroy eyed the speaker with calm disdain.

"You can take it from me," he replied, "that the Bulgarians are a queer lot—a d—d queer lot, begad—especially the women."

"Why, what do you know about them, Tol?" another asked.

"Considering," retorted the Captain in a tone of icy deliberation, "considering that I spent some weeks in Sofia, and was a personal friend of the Prince's—he was only a Prince then—I fancy I may lay claim to some knowledge of the subject under discussion, begad!"

The point was conceded unanimously, and Captain Tolroy was encouraged to proceed.

"Well," he began, taking up his favourite position on the hearth-rug and surveying his listeners through his eyeglass, "it's a deucid funny story—deucid funny. I met her at Sofia on returning one evening from a hunting party with the Prince. Just as I was entering my hotel, up comes young Jenkins, of the Legation, and, says he, catching me by the buttonhole, 'Come along with me to the masked ball at Priskoff's to-night. You'll see some Bulgarian beauties there.' I refused point-blank, but he persisted, so finally, to humour the young donkey, I agreed to accompany him—little guessing, begad, how the innocent adventure was to end! The ball proved a free-and-easy affair, as you may imagine, and the women present were not particularly attractive, with one exception; while the men were of the usual Balkan type—a deucid theatrical, swaggering, aggressive lot, dressed like comic-opera brigands. No sooner, however, had I entered the room than I perceived, standing alone in a corner of it, a slender, graceful figure in a domino. Jenkins left me to address an acquaintance, so I at once stepped up to the lady. She turned with a little start, and regarded me through the eye-holes of her mask.

"'Mademoiselle,' I murmured in French (which, begad, I speak like a native), 'may I be accorded the honour and privilege of dancing this waltz with you?' 'Monsieur,' she replied—and her voice was deucid sweet and silvery and low—'who are you?'

"In these circumstances, it is sometimes prudent to sink one's real identity, and so said I, bowing, 'Mademoiselle, I am a European officer.' The pretty *inconnue* surveyed me a moment in silence, then—'A Servian officer?' she inquired. 'As Mademoiselle wishes,' said I, deucid diplomatically; and on that the beautiful girl gave a musical laugh, and for one instant lifted her mask, revealing a glimpse of the most dazzling black eyes imaginable. 'Yes, I will dance with you,' she said simply. Never did I enjoy a waltz more, for she danced like a sylph, and, in a word, we got on so well together that by the end of an hour—for we danced several other waltzes too—I and the lovely Bulgarian were on the most friendly terms possible. I am not ashamed to admit that I quite lost my heart to the charming girl, and she in turn had begun to evince a tenderness of manner towards me of which the import was unmistakable.

"'Monsieur Tolroff,' she said presently—that was the name I had adopted for the occasion, I must explain—'Monsieur Tolroff, the room is so hot, I am stifled! Do you think . . . would you mind . . . a little stroll in the open air, perhaps—?' and she pressed my arm ever so slightly with her dainty fingers, as she glanced shyly up into my face.

"'Mademoiselle,' said I, 'in this—in everything—command me!' and I promptly led her out into the grounds. But we had not proceeded a dozen paces when she stopped suddenly and drew back

into the shadow. 'Monsieur,' she whispered below her breath, 'I have an enemy here!' 'An enemy?' I ejaculated hoarsely. 'Point him out to me and I'll slit his throat, begad!' (You must remember I was playing the rôle of a confounded Servian officer all this while.) But, 'No, no,' she remonstrated, clutching my arm, 'that would only make matters worse. . . . I must fly—fly at once!'

"'Whither, divine lady?' I inquired, for I had no mind to lose sight of her so soon. She cast a hurried glance round her, and whispered—'To Constantinople—there alone I shall be safe!' 'Safe!' I objected. 'Why, that's the deucid unsafest spot in the world.' 'For me—no,' she retorted, glancing swiftly at me and looking down. 'I must fly there at once. The Orient Express starts in an hour. Farewell!'

"'Mademoiselle,' I protested, with my hand on my heart, 'I, too, will fly to Constantinople—with you.'

"Again she glanced at me a trifle oddly. 'Ah, Monsieur,' she murmured, 'do you mean it? Indeed, I feel lonely and a little nervous—'

"'Mean it? Begad, I should think I do mean it!' I reassured her. 'We'll toddle off at once—'

"'Stay!' she interrupted. 'In that case, meet me at the station an hour hence. But do not, Monsieur—do not, I entreat, speak to me or notice me till the train has started.'

"Well, I obeyed the beautiful creature's instructions to the letter; and as I had intended to go on to Constantinople in any case the following day, it involved no serious alteration of my plans. Not till the Orient Express had steamed out of the station and we stood face to face in the corridor did I venture again to address my companion. Our tête-à-tête was of the briefest, and, indeed, the train was so full that I had no further opportunity of private speech with her throughout the whole of the tedious journey. It was evening when, at length, we reached the Turkish capital and alighted. By the time I had shown my passport to four different sets of officials, she had already passed through the barrier; and while I was depositing my portmanteau at the Customs, I observed a man approach and exchange some rapid sentences with her. Leaving my luggage, I hastened to her side.

"'Mademoiselle,' I remarked, a trifle sternly, 'it seems that you require my escort no longer. Your friend—'

"'Ah—say not so!' she checked me, with playful remonstrance. 'A mere acquaintance, Monsieur, who chanced to be in the station at the time. He is gone.'

"'Begad, my divine one, I'm glad of it,' I replied. 'But what do you propose to do next? Stamboul at night strikes me as being a deucid unpleasant place, begad! Could we not secure a respectable conveyance to drive us over to Pera?'

"'Pera, Monsieur? Ah, but if you don't mind, I should prefer to cross at Cadikeui. I have friends there—and we can take a caique from the quay.'

"It was a warm, starlit night, and the prospect of gliding across the gentle bosom of the Marmora in the companionship of the beautiful stranger rather appealed to me, so I agreed to her suggestion without demur. As luck would have it, a caique lay moored alongside the landing-stage, with two gaudily dressed ruffians seated at the oars. I hailed them, and they grinned and nodded; but my pretty comrade whispered, 'They can't speak French—only Greek and Turkish—I will explain to them . . . ' which she did in half-a-dozen rapid sentences, begad!

"We embarked, and the caique, under the rhythmic strokes of the oars, glided smoothly out into the harbour, with the fair Bulgarian and myself reclining gracefully on a cushion in the stern. Presently, her little hand chancing to steal from under her cloak, I pressed it softly.

"'Adorable one!' I murmured in her ear. 'To float thus on the calm breast of the ocean with you beside me for ever would

[Continued overleaf.]

Crank Cures.



V.—CURING FITS BY SUGGESTION.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

be paradise indeed, were it not that the position is apt to become a little cramped after a time. If you would allow me to support you with my arm round your slender waist'—and I suited the action to the word, but she gave a quick little gasp and pretended to shrink away. 'Monsieur Tolroff, you mustn't—you really mustn't!' she protested. 'The caïque—ji—' 'Hang the caïque—ji!' I retorted. 'They cannot understand French.' 'No—but they have good eyes,' she warned—and, indeed, the foremost miscreant was at that instant glowering at me under his bushy brows deucid impertinently. I frowned at him, but it didn't seem to have any effect, begad, so I turned to my companion with a laugh.

"At least we can converse," I said. "Yes, we can converse," she agreed. "And afterwards—" She paused. "Afterwards?" I urged. "Ah, Monsieur—there will be no need." She smiled enigmatically. "On the contrary," I protested, "the need increases. Your beauty, Mademoiselle, is maddening. Were it not for these confounded inquisitive boatmen—" "Hush," she cautioned, "they are dangerous men." "They look it!" I said drily. "A regular pair of cut-throats, begad!"

"She leaned back, but made no answer, and for some time the silence was broken only by the plash of the oars, and now and again a muttered remark from one of the rowers to his fellow. The magic of the night, the lapping of the waves against the boat, the serene expanse of water round us, with the domes and minarets of Stamboul silhouetted blue-black against the sky, began by degrees to have a deucid soothing effect upon my nerves, begad, and I was on the point of dozing off, when the fair Bulgarian leaned forward and said something in a quick, low tone to the boatmen.

"I opened my eyes and gazed around; we seemed to be close to the shore, and I sat up. 'The Marmora,' I murmured, 'is truly the sea of lovers. Calm as a millpond, by Jove, and translucent as a maiden's eyes, Mademoiselle! But what's that idiot muttering about now?'—and I jerked my head towards the front boatman.

"'Monsieur,' replied the girl, disengaging her fingers, which I had inadvertently clasped, 'we are no longer in the Marmora—we are in the Bosphorus.' 'The deuce we are, begad!' I exclaimed, looking round. 'I fancied we were bound for Cadikeui.' 'I changed my mind, Monsieur Tolroff,' she rejoined, staring at me oddly, 'while you were asleep'—and her voice sounded cold and hard. 'A lady's privilege, Mademoiselle,' I answered, with a bow. 'Whither, then, do we go? To Therapia?' 'By no means, Monsieur,' was her cool response. 'To Yildiz Kiosk.'

"'To Yildiz Kiosk, begad!' I ejaculated, sitting bolt upright, as, for the first time, a suspicion of the truth flashed across my brain. 'What do you mean? Tell these ruffians to land us at once.'

"'Calm yourself, Monsieur,' retorted the lady contemptuously. 'Did you, then, mistake me for a fool?' 'Begad, Madam,' I exclaimed, deucid nettled, 'it's quite evident that you have mistaken me for one! Do you know who I am?' 'You have informed me,' she replied coldly. 'You are Monsieur Tolroff—or Tolroff, it is all the same—the Russian agent of the Revolutionary party. We have long wanted you, Monsieur! Had you not been drunk last night, you would not, perhaps, have betrayed yourself to me—at Sofia!'

"'Drunk!' I ejaculated. 'Drunk, Mademoiselle! How dare you insinuate that I was drunk! I am practically a teetotaler. I was never drunk in my life.' 'Then, indeed, Monsieur,' she answered softly, 'you are a fool.' 'And you,' I flung back, for I was beginning, as you may imagine, to lose my temper a little—'you, Mademoiselle, are a common palace spy, begad, and nothing else!' 'Ah, Monsieur recognises me at last,' retorted the brazen-faced hussy. 'Begad, no—I never set eyes on you before,' I said. 'But you are wrong, my pretty angel. I'm not Tolroff, the Russian agent—in fact, I never heard of the gentleman. My name is Tolroy—Captain Tolroy—and I am an English officer.' 'You're Tolroff, the Russian assassin!' she reiterated with spiteful obstinacy. 'I recognised you immediately.' 'Don't talk rubbish!' I cried, springing up. 'I'm nothing of the kind, and if you don't put me ashore at once—' But the front boatman had drawn a revolver from his pocket and was now ostentatiously levelling it at me. 'Sit down,' counselled the Bulgarian beauty more gently. 'He'll shoot you if you don't; and besides, the boat will upset.'

"I sat down and looked at her. From a distance, but gradually approaching us, could be faintly heard the plash of oars. 'Mademoiselle can no doubt swim!' I sneered. 'Nobody swims in the Bosphorus, Monsieur!' she rejoined significantly. 'And if that man shoots you—piff!' she made a curious little sound with her lips and snapped her fingers unpleasantly—'there's an end of Monsieur Tolroff!'

"I perceived that there might be some truth in this remark, and bit my lip. The situation was rapidly becoming one which called for the exercise of considerable diplomacy, so—'Madam,' said I, in a matter-of-fact tone, 'let me assure you once more that you are under a misapprehension, my dear creature, an absurd, though possibly pardonable misapprehension, begad. I am an Englishman. Listen, and I will speak the English tongue to you,' and I proceeded to do so; but after listening attentively to several sentences she checked me. 'It is very bad English,' she had the impertinence to

observe. 'Many Russians can speak better English than that—and besides, I have always understood, Monsieur, that the English are tall, fine men. It would seem that I was mistaken.' 'And I have always understood,' said I sharply, 'that the Bulgarian women are deucid unreliable, treacherous creatures; and begad, Mademoiselle, it would seem that I was *not* mistaken!' She shrugged her pretty shoulders. 'It pleases you to be impolite, Monsieur,' she said carelessly. '*Ça ne fait rien!* What can one expect from a Revolutionary?' I was about to utter a warm rejoinder, when the sound of a man's voice singing not far off came floating to us across the water. Another caïque was rapidly approaching from the opposite direction, and in the stillness of the night I could hear not only the singer's voice but even the words of his song, and, begad, you can imagine my relief when I recognised the words as English! My pretty captor heard them, too, and addressed a rapid command to the boatmen in Turkish. They bent to their oars, and the caïque leapt on more swiftly. I waited till the approaching boat was a length or two nearer, and then, as the singer paused a moment to take breath, I let out a shout that could have been heard on the bridge of Galata, begad! There was an instant's silence, and then an answering shout came from the other boat, while its rowers rested on their oars. I called out again in English, and this time the boat shot forward towards us. But the charming Bulgarian had meanwhile urged her hirelings to redoubled efforts, and our caïque would have glided past the intercepting skiff in another moment had I not, with remarkable presence of mind, dealt the stroke boatman a severe blow on the knuckles with my boot. The fellow dropped his oars with a snarl of pain, and pulled out his revolver. I turned and clasped the beautiful Bulgarian to my breast, knowing that the ruffian would not dare to shoot, for fear of hitting his mistress. 'Monsieur!' she gasped, evidently mistaking my motive, 'do not, oh, do not drag me into the water! The stream runs dangerously swift here—we shall both be drowned. . . .' 'Ha!' I cried, 'then we shall perish together, my angel!' though, I may add, I had no intention of going overboard if I could possibly help it. At this she twined her arms round my neck and pulled me back on to the cushions. Begad, it wasn't my fault if I kissed her! And moreover, the little spitfire deserved to pay so trifling a price for her duplicity. 'Oh,' she murmured, struggling, 'to be kissed by a Russian assassin!' 'Nay, Mademoiselle,' I corrected; 'by an English gentleman.' 'I don't believe you are an Englishman,' she stammered, with her face close to mine. I kissed her again. . . . 'And I thought you were a fool!' she whispered. . . . 'But I *knew* you were an angel!' I replied in her ear; and at that instant the other caïque shot across our bows. 'What the devil's up?' demanded a voice in English—the voice of the singer. 'Up?' I exclaimed. 'Up, begad? Why, I've been kidnapped—mistaken for a confounded Russian Anarchist, begad! My name's Tolroy—Captain Tolroy—' 'Tolroy!' repeated the stranger. 'What, you don't mean to say . . . Great Scott, Tolroy, is it *you*?' and he peered at me over the edge of the boat. 'Begad, I believe so,' I answered, 'though I'm not sure, for this lady has been swearing I'm Tolroff, the Russian. But who the dickens are you?' 'I—oh, I'm Clayton, of the Embassy,' was the reply. 'Met you two years ago at Dodlington's place. . . . I've just been spending the evening at the Consul's. This is his caïque. . . . Lord! so they've kidnapped you, eh? Mistook you for a Russian Nihilist—eh? Well, if that's not the best thing I've heard of for a long time—a Nihilist, eh? Ha, ha! *you* a Russian Nihilist, Tolroy—eh?' And he burst into a roar of silly laughter. 'Begad, Sir,' I retorted, 'it may seem deucid funny to you, but if you'd been as deucid near shot and chucked into the Bosphorus as I have, you might not be so struck with the humour of the situation, begad!'

"Upon that he apologised, and glanced curiously at my companion, who had shrunk back into the cushions. 'There's more in this than meets the eye, Tolroy,' he murmured. 'Who is she?' 'This,' I replied in French, with a bow to the girl, 'is a most charming young lady who persists in asserting that I am a Russian. Perhaps you will be good enough to undeceive her on the point?' 'Tom Clayton—I remembered him perfectly now, a wild, harum-scarum sort of man—stifled a guffaw, then—'Madam,' says he, 'permit me, ahem! to assure you, on the word of an attaché of the British Embassy, that this gentleman is not a Russian agent, but an English subject, and a personal friend of mine.' The ravishing maiden looked up at me and her eyes twinkled. 'Monsieur,' she breathed, 'have I not already expiated my unconscious offence?' 'Mademoiselle,' I whispered back, 'I would gladly run a similar risk every day—to gain a similar reward!'

"And there, so far as this story is concerned, the episode ended. I returned to Constantinople with Clayton, leaving my charming captor in sole possession of her own caïque. I may add that I spent the whole of the ensuing week looking for her; but, alas! never from that day to this have I again set eyes on the beautiful Bulgarian spy."

Captain Tolroy heaved a profound sigh and looked round for his glass, which chanced to be empty. One of his auditors, observing this, hastened to cause its replenishment, while another gazed up at the ceiling.

"Clayton," he murmured thoughtfully, "was never in Constantinople. He told me so himself."

But, fortunately, Captain Tolroy did not catch the remark.

THE END.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

A COUNTRY-SIDE PROBLEM.

WHEREVER countrymen gather to-day, whether it be in the early morning for "cubbing," or at a more reasonable hour for shooting or golf, round the dinner-table or in the

billiard-room, the various land problems "are common in men's mouths." It is not so much a matter of denouncing the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his "Form IV.," it is the question of the Small Holding that is exercising the landowner's mind. Farmers are complaining, and, for once, not without cause. Many will tell you that if a slice of their land is taken for small holdings they will be put to a serious loss, because, while they will be deprived of the produce of some of the best fields in their tenure, they will not be able to dispense with any labour, machinery, or horses. They must continue to work at the same expense while losing the produce of a certain acreage.

This is not their only trouble. Even to-day, in spite of labour-saving machinery, they are often hard put to it to obtain the necessary labour, and they say that, if the best men in their service are going to turn to small holdings, it will be well-nigh impossible to replace them. Only the townsman, who knows nothing about skilled agricultural labour, imagines that you can take the poor wasters of the cities, put them on the land, and make good ploughmen, horsemen, shepherds, hedgers, and ditchers out of raw material. In his way Hodge is a skilled workman; if you doubt it, try to dig a rod of hard ground by his side, or to plough in a day as much land as he will cover in a couple of hours. You may have plenty of physical strength, but your experience will be something similar to that recorded by William Morris in his wonderful little story, "The King's Lesson." But even if the labour could be found—and it cannot—the problem of accommodation would remain as far from solution as ever. There is hardly a country district in England, outside the radius of the estates of a very few rich and generous landowners, in which there are sufficient cottages for the working man. During the bad times while wheat was fetching something in the neighbourhood of twenty-five shillings a quarter—and it has been sold for a pound or less in the last fifteen years—small landowners were quite unable to spend any money on their cottage property, with the result that hundreds of small cottages with thatched roofs and plaster walls fell into a ruinous condition for lack of repair, and

have been condemned and closed or pulled down. In many villages the rural exodus to the towns has become a necessity; the young man who would marry must leave the old home and find some

place that can offer a house or a set of rooms. Once in the town and married, he never comes back; and women have an aversion from the country more marked than that of their husbands; they find in the town some glimpse, however brief, of the social side of life that the village does not know. Consequently, when the tenants of cottages, men working at present for the farmers, are able to become small holders, the farmer or his landlord will be put to the great, and in many cases impossible, expense of

building fresh homes for newcomers. Small wonder that many landowners are selling farms to their tenants on advantageous terms, and leaving them to face the coming problems. But it is no easy matter to sell farms, and the difficulty has been increased by the disastrous harvest of 1909, which has not been atoned for by the moderate results of the present year. In short, the small landowner and the large tenant-farmer are faced by a series of problems that will demand great skill and care. When things agricultural were at their worst, ten or twelve years ago, a great deal of land changed hands, passing at low prices into the keeping of men with small capital, who, after a decade of improvement in values, are beginning to pay off mortgages, to enjoy a little hunting and shooting, and, generally speaking, to relax the sterner rule of life imposed upon them by earlier conditions. These agriculturists are still at the mercy of a few bad harvests; last year shook them up severely, and now they are faced with impending changes that certainly do not help them to believe that their troubles are at an end.

I have been watching country-side conditions for many years, and have discussed them with all sorts and conditions of men—from lords-lieutenant of counties

down to stone-breakers on the road, and old men from the work-house who have ventured out into the sunny June air to assist in the harvest of the pea-pickers, and have the story of seventy years to tell. I have a suggestion to offer, but, unfortunately, at the moment when I am about to do so the foot of my column appears in sight; so I must hold my pen until it is time to approach this place again, and I will then set out ideas which, down to the present, I have only put before a few. MARK OVER.



THE LADIES' CRICKET TEAM OF LOS ANGELES VERSUS THE CHAMPION LADIES' CLUB OF SANTA MONICA; MISS MAY SUTTON (WHO MADE 35) AND MISS MARY BROWNE (WHO MADE 34) RUNNING.



A GREAT LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, HER SISTER, AND OTHERS, AS CRICKETERS; MRS. BRUCE, MRS. CHARLES SUTTON (BACK), MISS MAY SUTTON, AND MISS FLORENCE SUTTON.



"SUTTON GIRLS SLOG THE BALL": MISS MAY SUTTON RUNNING DURING THE MATCH; MRS. BRUCE AT THE WICKET.

The Los Angeles team made 117; Santa Monica, 18. Miss May Sutton, who played cricket for the first time, made 35; Miss Florence Sutton, 21; and Miss Browne, also a famous lawn-tennis player, 34. Four of the ladies were injured, but did not desert the game.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



By HENRY LEACH.

Men and Women. There are no morals to be drawn from the play in and the result of the interesting and much-watched match between a great lady player and a great man of the kind—being Miss Cecilia Leitch and Mr. Harold Hilton—which took place last week. It was never really intended that there should be any such morals emanating from the match, and there never could be. It was called by some a “test,” the idea being to show whether such a good man could or could not give such a good lady golfer a half; or whether a third, such as is most frequently allowed in such cases, was not quite enough. One match of this kind does not prove anything. However, it was very interesting, and Miss Leitch’s play, especially the length of her driving and her general accuracy, were a surprise to those who had not seen a first-class lady player at the game before. But one result the match has had is to encourage just for the moment—one may be sure it is a quite temporary matter—the playing of lady versus man matches among the smaller fry of the golfing world. A man I was to have played last Wednesday sent me a postcard overnight begging to be let off, as he was fixed to play a certain lady a thirty-six hole match and to attempt to give her seven strokes in the course of the proceedings, upon the which there was dependent such a sum of money (in the wagering of which the lady had no part, though I am not sure she would not be interested to the extent of a hat or so) as

sporting kind being fixed up between players of opposite sexes. One such was played the day before the first half of the Leitch-Hilton affair was gone through, and it was played on a long course, and the lady was beaten. “That’s all very well,” she said; “but you give me the same odds on a ladies’ course, and see where you would be! Why should all these things be played on men’s courses?” The challenge seemed reasonable, and next day, instead of going to Walton Heath, the parties had it out again on a ladies’ course, and the lady had her man settled at the thirteenth hole in the second round. In such and divers other ways certain men are coming to take a more considerable interest in the game of ladies in general, and some of them in particular, than they have done in the past. I have even heard a group of men discussing the comparative merits of the iron-play of Miss Florence and Miss Kate, and we reached a climax down at one of my clubs the other afternoon, when one of the young members, of remarkable enthusiasms but no settled convictions, was practising short pitches in a way that he had seen a certain lady friend of his do them, so he said. This was too much, and he was told so.

Faults of the Sex. Some rough fellows find it better fun to reflect upon the numerous faults that are exhibited by ladies in their play, as if they themselves are less faulty. But the ladies have been stimulated by recent happenings,



THE GREAT GOLF MATCH BETWEEN MISS CECILIA LEITCH AND MR. H. H. HILTON: THE RIVALS AT PLAY.

We give some snapshots of the play in the great seventy-two hole match between Miss Cecilia Leitch and Mr. H. H. Hilton. Miss Leitch won. Further details and a page drawing by Mr. Frank Reynolds are given elsewhere.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

made my quondam opponent feel some anxiety.

The Question of Odds. Now, this man is something of a renegade, for

only a week before, when men

were asking each other round the tea-table of a certain club house whether Miss Leitch or Mr. Hilton was likely to win, he made a long speech in severe denunciation of ladies’ golf and all its works, declaring that he had never played with or against a lady in all his life, and tacking on a hope as to the future to the end of these uncalled-for, ungallant, and entirely unworthy remarks. I suppose they goaded him into this match afterwards. Of course I released him when he asked me. I was glad that the man had overthrown his engagement with me when I saw how hard it rained on Wednesday morning—the first really hopeless golfing day we have had for a long time. I watched it rain and rain, and reflected that ladies are at least as good for play in the wet as men. The keen lady golfer seems to care for nothing but the game. I have heard also of two or three other cases of matches of what may be called a

and are, as I am informed, considering their faults themselves, with a view to improving their play. James Braid, who takes a great interest in ladies’ golf, has given them much useful advice. He says that the majority of ladies play with clubs that are much too light for them, but for all that, knows the case of a lady who uses clubs that are heavier than his own! He says the average lady’s driver and brassy should weigh between eleven-and-a-half and twelve-and-a-half ounces, and that, in a general way, ladies should have rather larger faces on their wooden clubs and a shade more loft than men. These wooden clubs, also, should be a trifle shorter, more whippy in the shaft, and rather thinner in the grip, but not any thinner than is made necessary by the size of the hand. He strongly advocates their playing in boots instead of shoes, to give the best ankle-support, and the boots should be well laced up. And he finds that one of the commonest faults of the lady on the tee is that she will stand too close to the ball, too straight up, and too rigidly. She should “sit down” more to the ball, as we say.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Sounds, Horrid Sounds.

Far be it from me to suggest further interference with the liberty of the motorist, by any authority whatsoever. Our faces are like those of the poor, sufficiently ground already; but nevertheless, as it appears impossible to persuade motorists—or I should say, some of them—to put their houses in order, I, for one, should not be altogether opposed to some censorship of motor-car warning-signals. The “pip, pip!” of the common or garden horn is, as all will admit, bad enough, but other instruments of aural torture which should not for a moment be suffered have lately come into use. There are some that pour forth a sound like the ripping of a thousand sheets; others wail like souls in torment; the howl of the hyæna is music to others; and some there be that bark like a chorus of asthmatical dogs. Now, these offensive instruments enrage the considerate motorist and the public alike, and, in the best interests of automobilism and its progress, should be suppressed. No one would object to the sound of a good, musically toned horn, which suggests entreaty rather than command; and in order that only such instruments should be used, it would seem that a censorship of motor-warning instruments is required. If the censor were appointed by the R.A.C. all would be well!

The Continental Atlas.

No touring-car can be considered complete as to outfit unless in one or other of its side-pockets there lurks the Continental Motorist's Atlas of the British Isles. To my mind, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd., have done the automobile state some service in preparing this work in handy book-form. I say handy book-form, for the volume, which contains forty-three sections and one key map, measures no more than 5½ in. by 8½ in., and is bound up in covers stiff enough to stand any amount of rough usage. Although the scale is small, the main and byroads are very clearly shown in red, and are marked in red letters. No better aid for tour-mapping or general guidance when driving in the United Kingdom could be desired. The annoyance of carrying a number of flapping single-sheet maps is done away with by the Continental Atlas. It can be obtained of the company (post free, 4s.), at 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

Many people will argue strongly that it was never in the mind of the Legislature when the Motor Bill was passed that a motorist's license should be endorsed for minor offences, such as the accidental extinction of tail-lights, the non-carriage of a license, and so on. A short time since, a motor-car owner was convicted for driving his car after dark with his tail-light out. On the strength of certain observations made by the Lord Chief

Justice, this gentleman was advised by his solicitors to refuse production of his license for endorsement. He was then summoned for such non-production, but the Bench refused. Here, one would have thought, the case would have ended; but not so.

The police asked the Bench to state a case for the consideration of the High Court. This has been done, and a case entered for hearing. The Royal Automobile Club has briefed counsel on the motorist's behalf. Out of whose purse issue the costs, in the case of the finding going against the police? Out of that of the taxpayer, whose interest in such a matter as this is non-existent.

Wolseley Thoughtfulness.

Cars which date back for considerable periods are occasionally absent from the taxation lists which have been prepared for the convenience of motorists; and those who own them at the present time are confronted with the necessity for taking down their engines, in order that they may be able to state the bore on the inquisition paper. Owners of Wolseley cars which bear date from 1906 and onwards may, however, take heart of grace in this matter, for the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company have most thoughtfully prepared a handy reference-card upon which are given the number of cylinders, bore, horse-power by Treasury formula, and tax payable on all their models, from the 6-h.p. horizontal of 1906 to the 40-50 six-cylinder of the present year of grace.

One-Model Concentration.

A salient example of the satisfactory and praise-worthy advance in the efficiency of motor-car mechanism during the past few years is in one case most forcibly instanced by the design and workmanship of the 1911 model of the 15-h.p. Straker-Squire, a car which has leapt into public favour with remarkable rapidity. The position this car now occupies in public estimation is an example of the fruits of a rigidly sustained policy adopted by the makers three years ago. The Straker-Squire Company set themselves the task of turning out and perfecting one model, and one model only; and in the popularity their car now enjoys they have indeed their exceeding great reward. The end and aim of this policy when first adopted was the ultimate attainment of perfection in this particular direction, and in the greatly improved 1911 model (which will assuredly prove one of the attractions of the Show), a great advance along the line of progress has been made. The makers are constructing this new model on the very best possible lines, to the best of their ability as engineers, and quite apart from the idea of competition



THE ARMY AIR-DEPARTMENT: COLONEL CAPPER AND MAJOR SIR A. BANNERMAN, ROYAL ENGINEERS, THE COMMANDER OF THE NEWLY FORMED MILITARY AIR-CORPS AT ALDERSHOT.

Colonel J. E. Capper, the soldier whose name has become famous by the excellent work he has done in military aviation, has retired from the commandship of the Balloon School, on promotion, and has been succeeded by Major Sir A. Bannerman, of the Royal Engineers, who has been transferred from the War Office staff to the command of the newly formed military air-corps at Aldershot. In our photograph Colonel Capper (seen on the left) is shown taking Major Bannerman round, at Aldershot.

Photograph by W.G.P.



THE CRINOLINE "FALLING CLOTHES" FOR AVIATORS: THE DEVICE IN USE.

This invention, the design of a young Berlin chauffeur, looks something like an ulster when it is closed. It opens automatically when its wearer falls from a height.

with similar powers and makes. Designed and built to the best of their efforts, it is offered to the public as the result of four years' concentration, and at a reasonable business profit only.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Cambridgeshire. The race for the Cambridgeshire will take place at Newmarket on October 26, and as the distance is only one mile one furlong, it may be assumed safely that the animals engaged will race from end to end. A big tip for this event is Electra, who has now returned to her very best form, and if Mr. Gilpin can get her to the post fit and well she will go very close. I am glad to hear that Mr. R. C. Dawson's horses are now free of the coughing epidemic that raged in the stable for some weeks. At the same time, it is doubtful whether Mustapha, who ran second last year, will be thoroughly wound up by next Wednesday. If he is, and Maher rides, he should run well. Land League has seemingly become stale, and I am told Thalia may be R. Sherwood's best. This horse has a chance. A sharp's tip is Atty, who is trained by Persse at Stockbridge. Atty was hurdling last winter. He has shown some respectable form on the flat, and is weighted to win. Lewis's best will very likely be Christmas Daisy, who gained such a ready victory last year. If the son of Vitez wins again he will be only following in the footsteps of Hackler's Pride, from the same stable. Of Taylor's lot, Lady Vista is highly recommended. This mare, it will be remembered, declined the run-off after a dead-heat with Senseless recently. She is very fast, and will go well for F. Woolton, who may have the mount in the very probable absence of Lonawand. A lot of money has gone on Halcyon, a reclaimed plater. The son of Rock Sand has won six races out of seven attempts this year. He has been doing well in his gallops at Michel Grove, and is the fancy of some of the smartest men on the Turf. I hope Mr. J. B. Joel will start Dean Swift in this race, and many of us are anxious to see how the old warrior gets on on one of his favourite courses. Strange to say, the result of the Cesarewitch will have little influence on the sister race this year, unless Bronzino improves on his running in the longer race. Abattis, Demosthenes, and Rock Lane are not up to much.

Follow Form. Many big plungers believe in the book, but they put more trust in the market. They argue that horses emanating from certain stables must not be followed, however good their book-form may be, unless they are backed. Often it happens that starting-price coups are worked, and the so-called talent is badly beaten. I think it is a good plan to trust to the book and chance the market. However, to make the book our true guide, I would have every horse in every race, more especially in big handicaps, ridden out to the bitter end. It is tantalising to see a horse that might easily have been third pulled back into sixth place, and it is, too, hard lines on the little punters, who put their money on win and place. So long as place-betting is countenanced, all the horses in a race should be ridden out for a situation. Truly, the bookmaker gets more than his

share of the advantages owing to accidents that are bound to occur in a big field, without saving his place-money by the sheer design of the jockey. A system that for years has been followed by some speculators is to back the next time he runs a horse that has finished fourth for a big handicap. They argue that in nine cases out of ten the fourth horse is the one horse that has been pulled back when it was found he could not win outright. The system has a great deal to recommend it.

Again, there are certain stables that seldom get a place with their horses which are not quite good enough to win. The trainers evidently give the jockeys orders not to ride the animals out for a place. Luckily, our handicappers, who are 'cute men, duly note these little happenings, as is seen by their handiwork; but occasionally even the weight-adjusters are deceived by the big plunging stables who are willing to bide their time.

Doping. The opinion is prevalent in some quarters that doped horses are seen out occasionally in races in this country. Of course, it would be impossible to speak with any certainty on this matter, but I am going to suggest to Stewards that if at any time they have the least doubt about the matter, they should call upon the veterinary surgeon to examine any animal about which there was suspicion. An owner or trainer found guilty of doping would

have but a short time to remain on the Turf, but it is a very difficult thing to detect doped horses. However, when palpable in-and-out form is met with, the Stewards should be on their guard, and should leave no stone unturned in their attempts to discover a reason. In the bad old doping days some extraordinary things were done. We saw selling-platers win big handicaps. We also saw bookmakers of long standing brought to the earth and irretrievably

ruined. To run a horse without the dope one week, and the next employ a drug, means a difference of 20 lb. at least in form. True, we see nothing quite so bad as this now. Yet at times there are some remarkable turn-ups, and these ought, I think, to be a matter for official investigation. It was nothing in the days of doping to see a horse act like a wild animal occasionally, doing a lot of harm to others engaged in the race, and it is really remarkable that some of the jockeys at that time escaped with their lives. The rascals, too, often doped the animals and put innocent jockeys on their backs, without acquainting them with the condition of their mounts. The poor jockeys could not explain the carryings-on of their horses at the post, and the boys often got a bad wiggling from the starter, who naturally thought the riders and not the horses were to

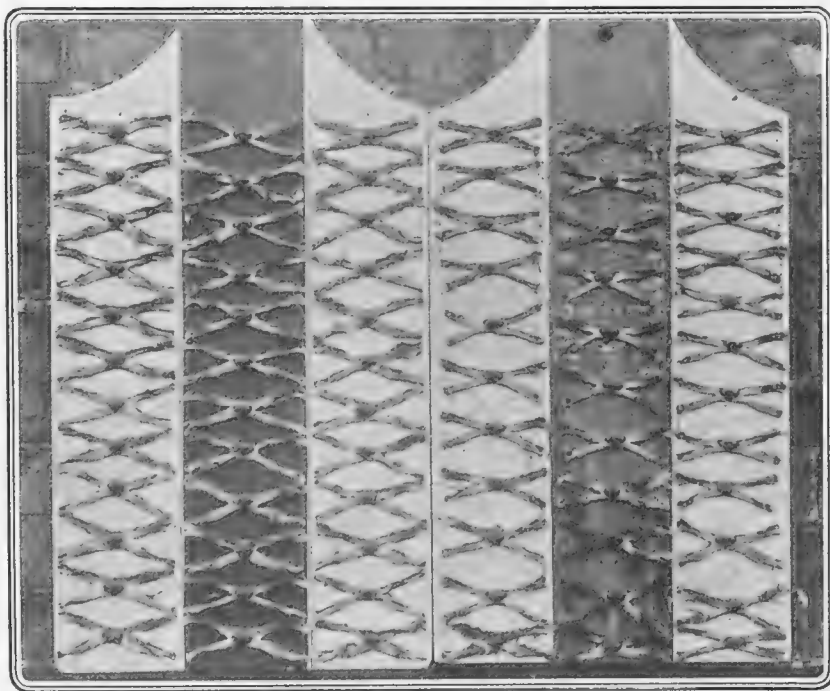
blame. What I contend is that if racing could not be carried on without doped horses, the sport should be allowed to go under, as doping is cruel, unsportsmanlike, and un-English.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BRUSHES SET FAN-WISE: TROPHIES OF A SEASON'S HUNTING.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A CURIOUS RECORD OF FOXES KILLED BY THE PYTCHLEY: FOXES' NOSES.

Photograph by Sport and General.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Piquant Life of Paris.

No one can say that life in Paris, in these days, is unexciting. If it has not the glitter and pomp of the Second Empire, or the intellectual and artistic prestige of the end of the nineteenth century, it has its surprises, its adventures, its way of asserting itself before an amazed world. It may be the posts and telephones which abruptly cease to function, so that Parisians are cut off from communication with each other, not to mention the alien nations. Again it will be the electric light which is aggrieved and collapses, leaving the boulevards lighted by oil-lamps, or the Théâtre Français dimly illumined with farthing candles. Now it is the turn of the railways to be vexed, so that unoffending passengers find themselves at St. Denis instead of Dover, and you must make shift with a motor-cab if you happen to want to reach London or New York in a hurry. In short, the French workman, having discovered the amenities of the strike, is employing this anti-social weapon with all the enthusiasm, the pertinacity of the Gallic temperament.

The Truly Elegant Mind.

Anoted French dandy, who leads cotillions in Paris and scintillates at Dinard tea-parties, has recently been writing a book on elegance of manners. Like the immortal Mr. Turveydrop, he thinks a world of "deportment." It is not enough for M. André Fouquières that the cravat or the Americanised shoes of the modern young man should be of the latest fashion—his mind must be elegant as well. Now, the French idea of social intercourse is to toss off a conversation as lightly as one would mix an omelette or a soufflé; never to dwell unduly on any subject; never to argue, to interrupt, or to contradict. Needless to say that this kind of talk, however agreeable it may sound at the time, leads nowhere and arrives at nothing. No one ever convinces anyone else, for the rule *Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas*, is always adhered to in French drawing-rooms. All the minor courtesies of life are there, yet there is something arid and artificial in the mental atmosphere. You feel that these charming, yet slightly dry and cynical people are not at grips with real life, and never will be. The Frenchman with the truly "elegant" mind reminds one not a little of a well-born, nicely mannered Englishwoman in a distant county, who is not even remotely in touch with modern movements. M. de Fouquières objects to the modern young man, "who drinks mineral water and does not smoke," and whose speech is as curt as his clothes are utilitarian. This young Frenchman, it is true, does not cultivate an "elegant" mind, but he explores Central Africa, breaks

their flight, like that of the Royal House of Braganza, is sometimes ludicrous as well as touching. A King without a pocket-handkerchief, a Queen with a tin box, an aged Sovereign like Queen Maria Pia embarking in a rowing-boat with a huge loaf of bread tightly clasped under her arm—these are visions which must make angels laugh as well as weep. All decamping potentates hurry, wisely enough, to British soil; and they bring their draggled ermine robes and tarnished crowns, and hide them in a cupboard in some English country house. Nor, once settled down with the remnants of their Court, do they do the slightest harm; but one questions whether the hordes of nuns who are expelled at the same time, or from France for other reasons, and who annually settle on these shores, are quite as welcome. Personally, these pious women are, no doubt, charming, gentle, and addicted to good works; but it is questionable whether the schools they are opening every where, and to which comes the impressionable child, are an advantage to twentieth-century England.

That Country Cottage.

"Towns," said an enlightened architect at the Planning Conference the other day, "are at present only popular with the poor." This is a statement which has the merit of being not only striking, but absolutely true. No one with money to get away from it wants to stay always in a town, not even in London, with its hundred-allurements and distractions. We English have the ancient Roman's love of his "Sabine farm." The Romans of the Empire were as inveterate week-enders as we have become of late years. They loved to build, to plan gardens and terraces, to dig fish-ponds, and to plant gay flowers. If they feasted and fêted and talked politics in Rome, they were really at their ease only in their country villa, to which they journeyed swiftly in chariots along the best roads that have ever been laid. All the most sunny sites in this island were once adorned with beautiful Roman villas, and something of the Roman love of open air and country life must linger here with us, for no European people enjoy the country at all seasons of the year as we do. The difficulty of indulging this love of the country for urban folk is the scarcity and expense of the rural residence. For £150 a year you are offered a mansion in a park, which would imply an annual up-keep of five thousand pounds; but the house at £15 a year, of which we are always hearing, is nowise to be found. The country cottage is the hope of the young and the solace of the old; it is the middle-aged, with their exaggerated ideas of comfort, their unreasonable desire for dry walls, brilliant lighting, hot and cold water, and the telephone, who complicate the question of the Saturday rush to green fields.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING COAT AND SKIRT IN SAPPHIRE-BLUE—OF CLOTH, VELVET, AND FUR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING BLOUSE IN EMBROIDERED WHITE CHIFFON AND JET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

records in an aeroplane, and is ready, at a moment's notice, to defend his country.

Hustled Wearers of the Ermine.

There is small pleasure, and no resting-place for the soles of their exalted feet nowadays, for certain royalties. If they escape the bomb and the knife, imprisonment, or deposition and exile to some inaccessible spot, they are supremely lucky; but the spectacle of

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Three-Tier Lady.

At the moment, our clothes are like superior bride-cakes—built in three tiers. There is the skirt, not hobbled any more, but skimpy as to material; then there is the tunic, ornamented round the edge to emphasise its position as second tier. Finally, there is the coat, also trimmed. The most important and the largest part is at the top, but each tier of the modern woman has its value. The tiers are at present all of one material; later, no doubt, the top one will be of fur. The other day, at a smart wedding, I counted seven women consecutively in dresses of this kind, and then two who had omitted the tunic. I am told that for winter frocks the tunic is to be fringed and edged with fur.

The Cult of the Coloured Stocking.

Our feet are very conspicuous in these days of skimpy skirts. It is therefore not kind to expose them to view without a very careful consideration of their appearance. Consequently we are quite pleased with the variety of choice afforded by the coloured stockings now so much in vogue. It is rather disloyal to one's own sex to attribute the lead in this respect to the other. Still the fact is that smart youths some time ago encased their feet gloriously as regards socks, and turned up just enough trouser-end to give peeps at their highly coloured ankles. But now that we have rushed in, with more than peeps, the smartly dressed men have retired on dull hues harmonising with their tweed suits and contrasting delicately with their evening garb. As to our feet, the poor things can hardly know themselves. From being in black and brown and exact matches to skirts, they are now promoted to a separate note all their own. Saxe-blue stockings with a brown skirt and tan shoes—by the way, Miss Leitch wore them this colour the other day with a white flannel skirt striped very narrowly with blue, when she played her great golf match—bright purple stockings with a dark-blue dress; rose-coloured decked ankles with a grey skirt; green hose with a russet-hued suit—in fact, such a break-out of gaiety in stockings that if our feet don't dance with gaiety, they ought to.

A Letter Difference, and How Much It is. Last week, in writing of a new perfume by Piver called *Pariette*, I must have grown weary of the P, for the printers read it *Lariette*, and so it appeared. Apologies to Paris, *Pariette*, Piver, and the Printers!

The Food of the Innocents. The dietary of babes teaches us something, it is so thoughtfully arranged. Allenbury's celebrated foods have not appeared sufficient in the eyes of Allenburys, who note everything there is to note about the digestions of babies. They have found that when the children are ten months old and upwards, they need for their morning and midday meals something more solid than bottle-food. Allenbury's Rusks supply just what these babies want, and they love them. Baked from specially selected flour, rich in muscle-forming constituents, they are like crisp toast biscuits, and are semi-solid, nourishing, and easily digested. When teeth are

arriving, they are specially valuable. Eaten dry, they facilitate the arrivals. These rusks are obtainable from chemists in tins, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. Samples, with full particulars of their use, will be sent free on request to Allen and Hanburys, Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, E.C.

Dress for Dianas.

much show about saddle, but there

By this day fortnight hunting will have commenced all over the shires. There is not the dress that Englishwomen select for the is a subtlety in detail that means much to those in the know. Every season there are further recruits to cross-saddle riding, which is the reasonable position. At the same time, it makes sticking on with a mount that "bucks" or "pecks" a matter of grave difficulty, for the present generation of our sex have not the gripping power in thigh or knee that men have. Consequently, the side-saddle is with us still, and will be. Habit-skirts are very short, the coat-tails long and of varied shape; and waistcoats, either real or simulated, are in again. Bowler-hats are basin-crowned and wide-brimmed, and silk is worn with medium-height thick crown, and with wide brims very slightly curved at the sides. Striped whipcords, the stripe achieved by a herring-bone weaving, are in great favour for coats, which are worn over plain Melton skirts as well as over those of material to match. Collars are faced with cloth of the hunt colours, or with velvet. The stock is tied very full, and the smartest coats open rather widely, showing the tie and also a margin of simulated vest. These are but broad lines; there are hundreds of habits being built in London and Dublin just now, and no two are quite alike. Hunting-women are really very individual in their dress, although to the casual observer they look very much alike in the saddle.



GAINER OF AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS DORA GIBSON.

Miss Gibson, who has a fine soprano voice, made her first appearance at a Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall recently, and had a most enthusiastic reception. Before that she had established a reputation in Canada.

Ducal Dianas.

Of our Duchesses, several are famous as followers of the hounds. Her Grace of Newcastle imitates the example of a mother whose riding is a fine art. Mary Duchess of Hamilton has been for years an enthusiast, and has hunting quarters for the coming season jointly with her daughter the Marchioness of Graham. The Duchess of Westminster is a bold rider, and looks splendid in the saddle. The Duchess of Marlborough looks remarkably well on horseback, and does hunt, but she is not a devotee of the sport. The Duchess of Sutherland is a

clever horsewoman, and usually hunts in Leicestershire. The Duchess of Beaufort is always out two days a week when well and fit—oftener, many weeks. She is a fine rider, and is always splendidly mounted. Out of our rather limited supply of ladies of ducal rank, this may be considered a good record. Every other rank of our Peerage and landed gentry would show as good a percentage of cross-country riders; and now that the evolution of the middle-class is in progress, there are many and most promising recruits, who bring to the sport unhereditary enthusiasms that mingle like new vigorous life in the old tradition.



WHERE MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IS ABLE TO RUSTICATE: THE FAMOUS ACTOR'S BUNGALOW IN THE GROUNDS OF HIS HOUSE AT CHORLEY WOOD.

It may interest a number of our readers to know that this bungalow was set up by Messrs. Boulton and Paul, of Norwich, the well-known makers of garden furniture, pergolas, summer-houses, ornamental bridges, and so on.—(Photograph by Boulton and Paul.)

there is a drawing of a coat and skirt in sapphire blue, showing this trio in a charming way. On the same page is an illustration of an evening blouse in embroidered white chiffon and jet, with bows down the front. These are quite in again as embellishments to dress.

For the Autumn. Cloth, velvet, and fur will be a favourite combination in the coming months. On "Woman's Ways" page

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 26.

THE Bank Return was fairly strong, and the reserve nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions better than for the corresponding period of last year, but there are signs of the Indian demand for gold becoming pressing, and probably steps will be taken to bring the market rates more into accord with the official minimum. Unless this is effected, it may lead to trouble later on.

The outstanding feature of the last ten days has been the curious way in which fine hard Para—the standard of the Rubber Market—has jumped from 5s. 10d. to 7s. 2d., and then back again to just above 6s.

That the sharp fluctuations have been due to speculation is very evident from the fact that the price of other grades of rubber has hardly been affected, and has in no case moved with Para, as should have been the case had the actual effective demand regulated the price. For a time the Rubber share market was quite active again, but has considerably cooled off, although prices remain generally better than they were ten days or a fortnight ago. If investors will stick to the best shares, which can, when in full bearing with rubber at, say 2s. or 2s. 6d. a pound, pay 10 per cent. on the present price, they will have no cause to regret the placing of their money.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS LOAN.

This issue is an example of a really good investment stock yielding about £3 13s. per cent., and a few years ago would have been subscribed in an hour or so; no doubt it will be taken up and will prove a good lock-up for those who can afford to accept such interest; but in these days the public want, and believe they can get, a higher yield with all reasonable safety, and there is no inclination to scramble for this class of stock. Perhaps we may be wrong, but we certainly cannot see why investors should lend money to the Straits Settlements at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., when the Government of Argentina, Chili, and Brazil will pay them 5 per cent.

TRUSTEE STOCKS.

Considering the cloud under which Consols have lain "for months and months and months," it is not a little surprising that the supply of gilt-edged securities seems far from lavish. There are various Crown Agents' Colonial stocks which the dealers will buy, but decline to sell, because, if they did, they could not hope to supply the purchaser. There are certain Corporation stocks so well held that only death releases any of the securities. There are choice Home Railway Debenture stocks that cannot be bought, from want of market. It is all very curious. Perhaps the best of the Trustee stocks is India $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which at 94 is exceedingly cheap. Cheaper even than Bath Corporation $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, which stands just outside the pale of full Trustee investments, but whose inclusion is probably a matter of a few weeks only. Other good Corporation securities stand several points higher than this. In the Colonial Government list are to be found—any broker will furnish a good selection—stocks yielding an average of about £3 13s. per cent.; Home Railway Debenture issues return $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent.; Guaranteed stocks, $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and good Preferences, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. So, in spite of scarcity of stock, there is still a fair field of selection left to the trustee strictly confined to gilt-edged securities.

THE FLIGHT OF MONEY.

Glancing at the immediate results of the Portuguese Revolution and the French Railway strike from the Stock Exchange point of view, the most outstanding effect is the manner in which money already begins to work out of European Bonds into those of the Far East, South America, and the distant continents. Russians are well maintained, certainly, and Portuguese recovered to some extent from the first shock of the *coup d'état*. But there is a weakening of tone in Turkish, Spanish, Greek, and other bonds, while simultaneously come rises in Brazilian, Argentine, Chilean, Peruvian, Chinese, Japanese, Cuban, and similar issues. Most even of these last-named eased off a trifle on the change in Portugal, but it was not long before they rallied under the cheerful influence of investment purchases. The new Chilean Government has been appointed without fuss or trouble, and it appears as though even South American Republics were beginning to appreciate the solid advantages which follow from living in peace with their neighbours and looking after their own business.

RUBBERETTES.

The necessity of making provision for reserve funds has been amply admitted by the Kuala Lumpur Company, which is putting away £20,000 for this purpose—a sum equal to 11 per cent. of the capital. This policy will bring its own reward later on, and meanwhile the shares yield 10 per cent. on the money, allowing for the 9s. dividend accrued in the price.

If rubber falls to 3s. 6d. per lb. several of the best companies will pay about 5 to 6 per cent. on the money, halving their present profits, and allowing nothing for increased production. The calculation is worked out on the existing prices.

Some people declare that on this basis of estimate the return ought to work out to 10 per cent. before shares can be regarded as cheap.

To give an example: Selangors are paying 1s. 6d. a quarter, say 6s. a year (it will be more than this, but for the moment don't allow for this). The price is about 3, giving a yield of 10 per cent. on the money. If you cut the Selangor Company's profits in two, by guessing rubber down to about 3s. 6d. per lb., you get a return of 5 per cent. on the money, without taking into account the increased production which rubber at such a price would force.

It is very interesting to apply the principle to any or all of the dividend-payers, because you do then arrive at a reasonably safe ground for calculation, and upon an assumption that does not err so wildly upon the side of optimism as some do.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

As I was standing in the Kaffir Market just now, one man, yawning prodigiously, exclaimed—"Oh, how I wish I had not been born so beautiful!" Where to the other man replied—"Changed, haven't you?" I thought there was going to be a row; but there wasn't, so I came away to tell you about it.

It is difficult to resist the impression that the time begins to grow ripe for buying Kaffirs. The market having been dead as a dustbin for goodness knows how long, this visit of the Duke of Connaught to South Africa might catch the sentimental fancy of the public, and lead to a resurrection of the old-time favourites. The Gold Fields dividend, to be declared so shortly, is not likely to turn out much of a bull point, unless tradition will this time go for nothing. It is a good thing, as a rule, to get the Gold Fields announcement out of the way: once that is over and forgotten, the market stands a better chance, perhaps. The public are not doing a bargain in Kaffirs, and will not, of course, until big houses give them a lead.

There's rather a nigger in the hedge, though, in the shape of possible labour legislation. At present the "boys" work seven days a week, but Botha and a strong party are understood to be much opposed to this, and they have a scheme, so one hears, for introducing a Bill making a six-day week so far as work is concerned. There is nothing new about this, but various little odds and ends seem to indicate the probability of its being brought into the scope of practical politics.

The proposition does not allow for the complete stoppage of mills and stamps, which can run with comparatively little attention, but it is concerned with giving the workman one day's rest in seven. Here in the Stock Exchange, of course, the man does one (Sun) day's work (at golf), and rests for six, so there cannot be much sympathy felt on this side for fresh labour legislation on the Randt. If it comes about, the mines will find it making a very substantial addition to their expenses, and, to some companies, it might just turn the scale between profit and loss. Whether the Government out there will care to introduce proposals of this sort which are bound to cause much acrimonious feeling at home—during the royal visit, it is difficult to say. It might rather be supposed that until the august visitors have returned home, matters will be kept as peaceable as possible. There is, you may observe, plenty of food for reflection, conjecture, and speculation, but, on the whole, the advantages for the time being appear to lie slightly in favour of the bulls.

One of the newspapers was talking a week or two ago of Rufus Isaacs having been trained in the Kaffir Circus. But, in point of fact, the brilliant Attorney-General left the Stock Exchange before the Kaffir Circus was opened, and perhaps the statement was a lapse of memory for the Foreign Market, wherein Mr. Rufus Isaacs was a jobber for a couple of years or so, until the hammer fell on him and his Stock Exchange hopes—most fortunately for him, as subsequent events proved, although, had he started in the House again, after his failure, there is little doubt that his wonderful talents, combined with experience, would have led him to the front rank of members.

Lead, spelter, and tin are said to be the things of which the wily speculator should be a bull, and, on the strength of a vague tip, Broken Hill shares are on the way up again. It seems to me that "Props." and Norths are the pick of the Broken Hill basket, and while the dividend anticipations of 15s. per share on Norths next year are certainly optimistic it would mean all but doubling the current rate of distribution—nevertheless, the chances of improvement are good enough to warrant a purchase at anything like 4½. Even if a buyer does not care to pay for them, the shares are generally to be contangoed at about 6 or 7 per cent., so that they do not eat their heads off, because the dividend returns little short of 10 per cent. on the money.

They tell me that Trunks are to be put along, and perhaps the tip's a good one. To have let prices down on the report was slightly ridiculous, but due in large measure to the directors not giving as much information as possible about some of the extensions. Pending the result of the meeting, the stocks may be held back, but unless some untoward information is sprung upon the proprietors at that gathering, prices ought to advance. The crops in Canada have turned out much better than they seemed likely to do a few months back, and, although they do not bear comparison with the wonderful results achieved in the wonderful summer of 1909, they stand well when tested against the average returns of years previous to that. A man writes to me from Canada, the letter reaching me to-day, as follows—

"This year has been called the triumph of the good farmer—that is, the scientific farmer as opposed to the man who scratches the soil, puts in seed, and prays to Providence to give him a good harvest. The scientific farmer is the man who trusts to himself and his own efforts first, and Providence afterwards. In the other case the position is reversed. Out of all this will come good. For the tendency is to go in more for what is called, I believe, intensive farming, and conservation of natural resources in the soil, and it is only the foolish who persist in the happy-go-lucky methods of former years. The more good methods are adopted the less will the farmer be dependent on the weather for his harvest."

Little Trunks are a gamble, out-and-out, and the Third Preference on merits are valued pretty high already; but if the market and the insiders want to have Trunks better, up will Trunks go, and there's the end on't.

Chilly weather: fires: chestnuts. You catch the connection? Hence this story, as true as it's old.

If there was one thing in the world of which he considered himself a supreme judge, it was a cigar. His friends knew that. He absolutely refused to let them forget it. Now, in those days, smoking was permitted in the Stock Exchange at three o'clock, instead of being banned altogether, as it is now. So they purloined his cigar-case, took out its contents, and replaced them with "British" cigars, costing two whole pennies apiece. Came three o'clock, and with it one of the conspirators to our innocent friend. The former craved a boom. He had been invited to buy

We write, of course, in advance of the auction sales of Tuesday, but the results will be published before we are. Therefore it is amusing to chronicle that we have just heard from one Mincing Lane firm that the total amount of rubber to be put up on Tuesday will not exceed 110 tons, while another firm declared that there would be five or six hundred tons.

some cigars said to be particularly good. Would he, as a known judge, kindly sample one and give an unbiased opinion. The connoisseur, suspecting nothing from three or four other men having strolled up to watch the performance, gave magnanimous consent, and forthwith was handed one of his own cigars, drawn from his own case, he thinking, of course, that it was one belonging to the conspirator. He put it to his ear and cracked it; to his nose and smelled it; lit it and blew the smoke down his nostrils, blew it up into the air, blew it towards the ground—performed, in short, all the solemn rites suitable to such an occasion. Then, taking it out of his mouth, he delivered judgment on it, his own unrecognised cigar. "Not bad; no, not at all bad; but first class? No. Good? No. It lacks something. I should not call it a tip-top cigar myself. Now, if you want a really fine cigar, a good, a first-class, tip-top cigar"—he dived into his pocket and produced his case—"just try one of these." The case, now full of twopenny Britishers, was handed round, and the victim, selecting a cigar for himself, cracked it, smelled it, blew it and so forth, and then burst out. "Now there you have a good, a first-class, a tip—"

But the conspirators were yelling with laughter. They rolled about in their mirth. And when the sacrifice understood, he went home, nor did he return to his accustomed place for full a fortnight.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Oct. 15, 1910.

YANKEE RAILS.

The American Market is about the best in the House, and all along the line prices show considerable improvement. The only trouble, apart from American politics, is "the rapid growth in working expenses, which takes nearly all the gilt off the gingerbread," when we come to examine the dividend-earning value of the gross increases to which we are treated week after week. Of course, the speculator must always keep the corner of his eye on ex-President Roosevelt; but with this danger in mind, to buy Yankees on a flat day and to take a quick turn out of them seems a reasonably safe method of speculating. Perhaps Unions are the cheapest stock in the market, yielding about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at present price.

Canadas, which always move with the American Market, have this time been able to cling to the 200 mark, despite a considerable amount of profit-taking, and we fully expect, as soon as the numerous holders who have given limits round about the present price realise their stock, that the price will climb again until it reaches 220, or perhaps 225.

FOREIGN BONDS.

Some time ago a Swiss gentleman was talking to us about investing a nest-egg in English Government securities, and we were rather deprecating the idea on the ground that with our Government's Socialistic tendencies and the Labour unrest now so self-evident, he had far better put his money elsewhere. His reply was: "Your Government may be bad, but that of every other country in Europe is worse—far worse; only you in England don't know it." The Revolution in Portugal, the French strike, the fighting in the streets of Berlin have all happened since that

conversation took place, and go a great way to make us think our Swiss friend was right.

The investing of money outside the United Kingdom is going on to a considerable extent, we know; but, after all, if it is Labour troubles and Socialism that the investor is afraid of, he is, perhaps, jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, especially if he selects European countries for his capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. H. P.—We believe the Company's property to be a good one, and that it will probably prove a success. The fall was largely caused by the disclosures made in the case of the Kamna Company, with which some of the same people were connected. The whole of these German East African Rubber Companies are more or less speculative, and scarcity of labour is causing difficulties.

J. A. E.—The Omnibus Debentures have risen because it is generally supposed the Company is doing considerably better. We should not advise sale, for, considering the yield at present price, the security is not bad. It is hard to believe that a big Omnibus Company cannot be made to pay in London.

COUNTY.—We have little to suggest in that class of security (see this week's Notes). Good Home Railway stock might be the best thing.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—(1) If you place money on deposit with the people named you deserve to lose it. (2) Certainly, you can give anyone a power of attorney to draw your dividends.

AFRICANUS.—We don't like the concern you name; it is a low-grade proposition with a big capital. Sell and put the proceeds into Randfontein or City Deep.

H. P. T.—You can't do better than Leopoldina Railway $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Pref. or United of Havana Railway 5 per cent. Pref.

W. C.—Your letter was answered on the 15th inst.

LIST.—We know nothing of your Companies, and can neither get a quotation nor find them in any book of reference. We cannot undertake to give opinions on all the new Rubber shares floated in the boom.

STIRLING.—The investments are probably fairly safe. We like No. 1 best. Both banks whose deposit notes you propose to take are not among the strongest. We do not advise placing money with either.

MILTONBA.—Our opinion is unfavourable.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick, Eton Boy may win the County Nursery, King Mac the Surrey Plate, and Bocage the Charlwood Handicap. At Sandown I like these: Orleans Nursery, Rupert; Foal Stakes, Sunder; Wheat-sheaf Handicap, Lester Ash; Great Sapling Plate, Prince Palatine; Coombe Plate, Rochester; Norbiton Hurdle Race, Domino; Park Handicap Steeplechase, Abelard; Three-Year-Old Hurdle, Shebeeh. At Stockton, Patriotism may win the Autumn Handicap and Nighty the Blythholme Nursery. At Brighton Snatch ought to win the Autumn Handicap, and Gallego the Nursery Handicap.

MONKEY BRAND



FOR A THOUSAND HOUSEHOLD USES

MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD - TIN LIKE SILVER - PAINT LIKE NEW

WON'T WASH CLOTHES

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO. LTD.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page d.

CONTENTS.

SUPPLEMENT: Miss Enid Leslie—A Box of Chocolate—"Soldier"—The Dances of Ancient Egypt Revived—"Count Hannibal," at the New Theatre—Miss Pauline Chase.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Heroines of the Barricades in Lisbon	33	The Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's Day	43	My First Appearance: Miss Marie	50	The Wheel and the Wing	59
Motley Notes	34	Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiers	44	Tempest	50	The Army Air Department	59
The French Railway Strike	35	Miss Nora Whittell	44	Exceeding the Limit	51	The Crinoline "Falling Clothes" for	59
King Manoel's Flight	36, 37	Miss Estelle Marie Carandini	44	The Literary Lounger	52	Aviators	59
The Clubman	39	Captain Geoffrey T. Lee	44	Nets Waiting to Be Blessed	52	Cracks of the Whip	60
Miss Mamie Whittaker	39	The Hon. Mary Vesey	44	What Kingship is Coming To	53	Brushes Set Fan-wise	60
Mrs. Despard	39	The Hon. Aubrey Herbert	44	A Novel in a Nutshell: "Arms and The	53	A Curious Record of the Foxes Killed by	60
Cuff Comments	39	Miss Ivy Pigott	44	Woman"	54, 56	the Pythchley	60
The Leitch-Hilton Golf Match	40	Our Wonderful World	45	Crank Cures	55	Woman's Ways	61
Small Talk	41	The Stage from the Stalls	46	The County Gentleman	57	The Woman-About-Town	62
Mr. Travers Humphreys	42	Miss Doris Lytton	46	The Ladies' Cricket Team of Los Angeles	57	Miss Dora Gibson	62
Mr. A. A. Tobin, K.C., M.P.	42	Enough to Turn All Billiard-Players	46	versus the Champion Ladies' Club of	57	Mr. George Alexander's Bungalow	62
Mr. H. D. Roome	42	Gray!	47	Santa Monica	57	City Notes	63, 64
Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.	42	Star Turns	48	On the Links	58	Royal Exiles in England	xii
Mr. Barrington Ward	42	"General" Edward La Vine	48	The Great Golf Match between Miss Cecilia	58	Concerning New Novels	/
		Caddies!	49	Leitch and Mr. H. H. Hilton	58	General Notes	/

"AQUASCUTUM" LTD.

Sole makers of the celebrated

AQUASCUTUM COAT.

AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS.

Motoring and Travelling Coats, ready to wear or made to measure, in our new BLANKET and FLEECE CLOTH.

Warmth without weight

Sporting Suits from 4½ Gns.

Insist on having the 'Aquascutum' label in your coat.



The "AQUASCUTUM" Park Coat. Waterproof, pure wool and odourless. From 3 Gns.



The "AQUASCUTUM" Argyll Coat. Made in our new Blanket and Fleece Cloth. From 4½ Gns.

Write for Patterns and Illustrated Catalogue.

100, Regent Street, London, W.

THE GRAFTON FUR CO., LTD



An Elegant Grafton Coat, from £32

Illustrated Book of Grafton Models sent on application.

164, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

KARSAVAH CIGARETTES

The Most Perfect Turkish Cigarette

Made Under Hygienic Conditions.

Prices:

2/6, 3/-, & 3/6 per 50.

4/9, 6/-, & 7/- per 100.

A box containing 3 samples of each grade Sixpence, post free.

KARSAVAH CIGARETTE CO., 42, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

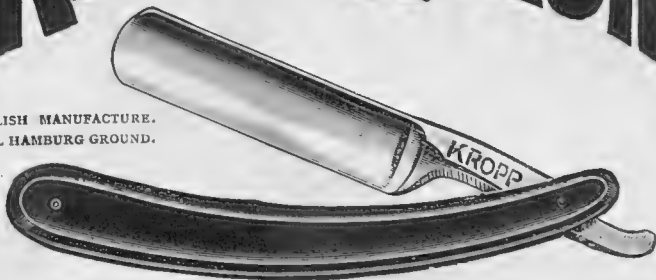
SHAVING A PLEASURE

All good business men use the KROPP RAZOR, which, being made of the finest Sheffield Steel, always shaves clean in less than half the time of an ordinary razor.

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

KROPP RAZOR

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE. REAL HAMBURG GROUND.



Never Requires Grinding.

Always Ready for Use.

BLACK HANDLES 5/6.

IVORY HANDLES 7/6.

Each Razor in a Case.

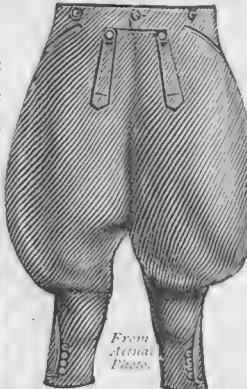
WHOLESALE: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

HARRY HALL

ONLY MAKER of the 'H.H.' IDEAL GOLD MEDAL 21/RIDING BREECHES

(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere for 2 & 3 guineas.)

BEST FIT & VALUE For Riding, Shooting, Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Motoring, &c. In Riding & Bedford Cords, Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds, Sheppards' Checks, & FAMOUS "H.H." GABRIELLE (Thorn, Rainproofed, & Washable.)



Sole MAKER of the 'H.H.' 30/- 'RAYNREYZSTA' (Exact Style as Sold at 63/-)

A STORMPROOF LINED COVERAL FOR ALL OUTDOOR PURPOSES. In RAIN or SHINE.

MODEL COAT, Car Paid U.K. 30/- 35 to 42 in. chest over-jacket.

Also Models at 35/-, 42/-, & 50/-

SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/- DRESS SUITS from 84/-

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

205, OXFORD ST., W. (near Oxford Circus.)

21-31, ELDON ST., Liverpool St., E.C. VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for Breeches, Suits, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

PREVENTS the Hair from falling off. RESTORES Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. IS NOT A DYE.

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers, Price 3s. 6d. per Large Bottle.

Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., Ltd. 39, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

THE WORLD'S CUP OF HEALTH.

In every country and every clime, the supremacy of Sanatogen among tonic foods and reconstituent remedies is now as abundantly recognised and as warmly eulogised as it is in Great Britain.

It exercises its powerful influence over all disorders of the nervous system which manifest themselves in such depressing symptoms as Insomnia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Anæmia, loss of memory, uncontrollable lassitude and disinclination for mental and physical activity, and in Neurasthenia.

With its use the dispiriting symptoms rapidly disappear and the patient regains his normal outlook on existence, taking a keen interest in his work and play, and feeling better than at any previous time.

Mr. Hall Caine, the celebrated Novelist and dramatist, writes:—

"My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a tonic nerve food it has, on more than one occasion, done me good."

Physician to the Tsar of Russia, Dr. Ferchmin, writes:

"My daughter, who was very nervous and anæmic, has been greatly benefited by the use of Sanatogen. Her appetite improved, her weight increased, and the colour of her skin became healthier."

SANATOGEN

The Tonic - Food with Lasting Effects.

Sanatogen has been endorsed by over twelve thousand physicians, including nine physicians to crowned heads.

Countless thousands have found it the restorer of health and happiness and have recommended it to their friends, that they too may acquire these blessings in their fullest degree.

Sanatogen may be obtained of all chemists, price 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. per tin. Write to-day for interesting descriptive booklet to The Sanatogen Company, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.





No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

The smiling roses in the cheeks of the Daughters of Germany owe everything to Nature — nothing to Art.

But German ladies know how valuable a few drops of pure „4711“ Eau de Cologne in the basin is to preserve those smiling roses. —

The Blue & Gold labelled „4711“ is pure. — Refuse substitutes!
Of all Chemists & Perfumers.

Try the 1s. 6d. box of “No. 4711” Eau de Cologne Soap.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES



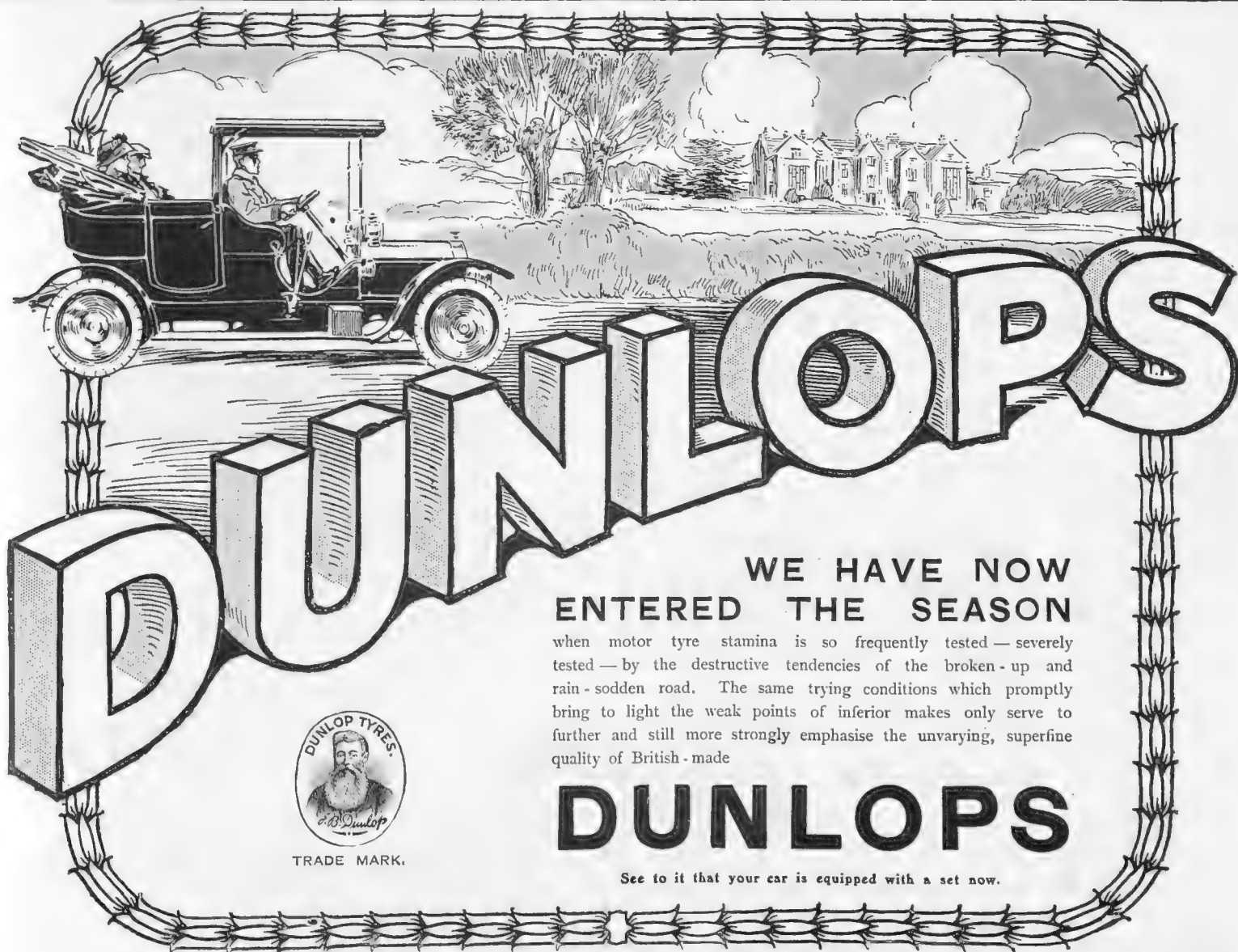
Believing that a good cigarette is one of the most enjoyable things in which a man can indulge, our whole time is occupied in producing the finest it is possible to make. No particular price is our aim; our first attention is the quality — then we fix the lowest price we can.

No. 555

Per 100. Per 25. Per 10.
4/9 1/3 6d.

Sole Manufacturers:
**ARDATH
TOBACCO
CO.,
LONDON.**

Types of British Manhood, 2.
THE UNDERGRADUATE
smokes State Express Cigarettes
because he believes in enjoying life.



DUNLOPS

**WE HAVE NOW
ENTERED THE SEASON**

when motor tyre stamina is so frequently tested — severely tested — by the destructive tendencies of the broken-up and rain-sodden road. The same trying conditions which promptly bring to light the weak points of inferior makes only serve to further and still more strongly emphasise the unvarying, superfine quality of British-made

DUNLOPS

See to it that your car is equipped with a set now.



TRADE MARK.

The Dunlop Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.
A golfer's "stance" may be either "open" or "closed"; the ball should be always a Dunlop.

Your Stationery Represents You

Are you satisfied that your writing-paper does justice to your character, position and taste? Or is it wanting? If quality counts you will like

HERONS COURT

a writing-paper with a quiet dignity that imparts tone to your letters—that is impressive but not obtrusive.

It is a "laid" paper, delightful to the touch—of good substance and colour, firm in texture, crisp, and with a surface that makes writing a pleasure.

It is stocked in Cream and Azure in the four following sizes—Albert, Duchess Octavo at 1/- per 5 quires boxed. Envelopes to match (boxed 100s) 1/- per box, and Large Octavo 1/6 per 5 quires boxed. Envelopes to match (boxed 250s) 1/6 per 100.

Write for Sample Book (S) and address of nearest Stationer who stocks Herons Court to

W. H. SMITH & SON
Manufacturing Stationers
186 STRAND
LONDON



W.C



DUNVILLE'S

V R WHISKY



"THE LANCET" (the leading Medical Journal) of 8th February, 1908, says:—

- "Both spirits thoroughly matured."
- "Entirely free from acid flavour."
- "Smooth to the palate."
- "Free from excess of extractive matters."
- "No acidity."

Guaranteed genuine only when bearing Branded Cork and Capsule.



DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd., Royal Irish Distilleries, BELFAST.
LONDON OFFICES: 239 & 241, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Shem-el-Nessim

THE SCENT OF ARABY



The SPIRIT of FRAGRANCE

There is a mystic charm about SHEM-EL-NESSIM that is quite irresistible.

It gives just that atmosphere of distinctive yet unobtrusive fragrance that is the crown of a perfect toilet. Exquisitely suggestive of Oriental luxury, it is indeed

AN INSPIRATION IN PERFUME



SHEM-EL-NESSIM is prepared in all forms for preserving that harmony in the toilet which denotes the woman of taste.

Perfume 2/6 4/6 & 8/6. Toilet Water 3/6. Hair Lotion 3/6. Brilliantine 1/6. Dentifrice 1/6. Face Powder 1/6. Sachet 6d. Soap 1/6 per tablet. Cachous 3d per box.

The above may be procured from all Chemists & Perfumers.

J. GROSSMITH & SON
DISTILLERS OF PERFUMES—NEWGATE ST LONDON

EVERY MAN who wishes to retire on a Pension

SHOULD READ

"THE PENSION PROBLEM."

Sent post free on application to the

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

FOR MUTUAL **LIFE** ASSURANCE

48 GRACECHURCH STREET. LONDON, E.C.

*Two Styles
of Easy Chairs*




The "Ingleboro" The "Warwick"

One Quality—the Best.

Both chairs can be upholstered to customer's selection of covers and colours. The interior work and construction of these chairs is carried out with the object of not only providing a chair of comfort for every day use by employing materials not easily soiled and lasting in wear, but with the aim also of adding to the attractive appearance of any room. We guarantee the chairs or will refund the money in full.

£3 15s. each. Deferred Payments or Discount for Cash.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Colonial and Foreign Orders receive special attention.

FREE. We will send you free by post our large illustrated Catalogue, containing hundreds of designs, also Price Lists, estimates, and hints on Furnishing, which you will find very valuable. *It costs you nothing and will save you pounds in furnishing.*

GLOBE Furnishing Co. (J. R. GRANT)
Dept. 66, Proprietor.
Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL,
and at 38-40, High Street, BELFAST.

THE
FLOR
DE
DIN-
DIGUL
CIGAR



CAPS
THE
LOT.

Copyright—
Frank Reynolds

SMOKER'S THROAT.

A well-known Harley Street throat specialist said recently: "If you smoke cigars, smoke Indians," *vide* "Daily Mirror." The most esteemed and most choice Indian Cigar is the famous "FLOR DE DINDIGUL." It does not burn the tongue or affect the throat. Its delicate mildness grows on one. 3d. each (5 for 1/1), FLOR DE DINDIGUL EXTRA, 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50. Everywhere, or, post free, of BEWLEY, 40, Strand, London.



By Royal Warrant.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company



Famous the World over for

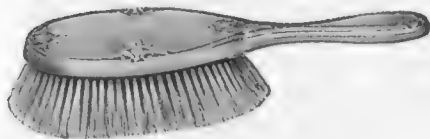
LTD.

DESIGN QUALITY VALUE

THE PUBLIC SUPPLIED DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES.

SOLID SILVER TOILET SERVICE

New Design



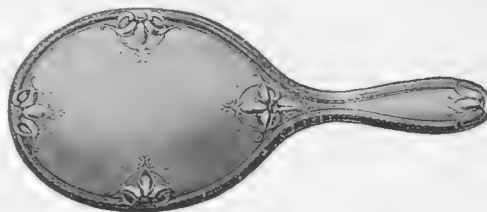
Solid Silver Hair Brush.

£1 0 0



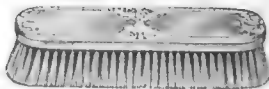
Solid Silver Pin Tray.

12/6



Solid Silver Hand Mirror, with Bevelled Glass.

£2 7 6

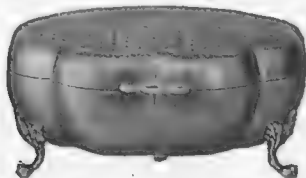


Solid Silver Cloth Brush,

12/6

This Service is of a good substantial weight of Silver. Purchasers are cautioned against buying so-called "Solid Silver" Toilet Articles in which the Silver is so thin as to be practically valueless and useless.

**WEDDING
PRESENTS**



Solid Silver Round Shaped Sweetmeat Box. Beautifully Engine-turned Lid. Diameter 4 in.

£2 15 0



Solid Silver Table Mirror. Richly engraved and with fancy wire Mount. Height 10½ in.

£4 10 0

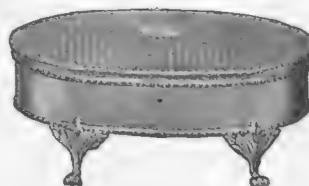
- Button Hook - £0 10 6
- Shoe Lift - £0 10 6
- Comb Tray - £1 5 0
- Brush Tray - £4 15 0
- Powder Box - £2 7 6

**BIRTHDAY
PRESENTS**



Tortoiseshell Dressing Comb, with Solid Silver Mount.

13/6



Solid Silver Engine-turned Oval Jewel Casket on four Modelled Feet. Gilt inside, and with lift-out Velvet Tray.

Length 4½ in., £3 0 0

Length 6½ in., £6 0 0

SELECTIONS
ON APPROVAL
CARRIAGE PAID

ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

"You know it  by the Cross."

LORRAINE DIETRICH

Two Light Models

which are arousing considerable interest in the automobile world are the 12/16 h.p. and 15/20 h.p. 4-cyl. Live Axle Models.

At the price demanded they will not fail to make a direct appeal to a large section of the motoring community. All the characteristics which have made the higher-powered models famous throughout the world are retained, and only those improvements which have been found thoroughly practical have been embodied. The purchaser of a small or medium powered Lorraine Dietrich is therefore safe in his choice.

12/16 h.p.
4-cyl. Model,

£300.

(Chassis) including Tyres, Tools, and Spare Parts.

15/20 h.p.
4-cyl. Model,

£420.

Trials by appointment.

Full particulars on request.

Sole Concessionaires for Great Britain and the Colonies,

CHARLES JARROTT & LETTS, LTD.,

45, Great Marlborough St., London, W.

Telegrams: "Jemidar, London."

Telephone No.: 2362 Gerrard (3 lines).

C.D.C.

**SUCCESS
FOLLOWS
SUCCESS.**

The

ADLER CARS

have been awarded

Two Prix d'honneur

at the

International

Brussels Exhibition

Sole Agents:

MORGAN & Co., Ltd.,

127, LONG ACRE, W.C.

10, OLD BOND ST., W.

Sole makers of the Improved "Cromwell" Patent
Folding Wind-Screen. Makers of the "Simplex
Patent Extension" Self-Acting Cape Cart Hood.

Speciality:

Motor Bodies

of Exclusive

Design.

Suitable for

any Type of

Chassis.

"Scotland for ever."

ONE of the Finest Moderate-Powered Cars on the Market. The first impression is the remarkable silence of the engine. It is quite inaudible. The next, one is struck by the Car's velvety running. Springs, however well adjusted, would not give such smoothness, and the cause must be sought in the perfect balance of the engine.

ARGYLL

(Registered Trade Mark).

On its merits, the new "Argyll" is certain to become a favourite with that section of the motoring public, who want a car of ample but not excessive power, moderate in upkeep in regard to tyres and petrol, and easy to handle. This model fulfils all these conditions to the letter. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue (No. 6 J).

Argylls, Ltd., Alexandria, N.B.

Head Office and Works Alexandria, N.B.
Glasgow Showrooms 92-94, Mitchell Street,
Edinburgh 16, Shandwick Place,
London 6 Great Marlborough Street,
London Repair Works 13, Guilford Street, W.C.

Science
behind it—

PEBECO is a complete scientific
'health-course' for the mouth and teeth.

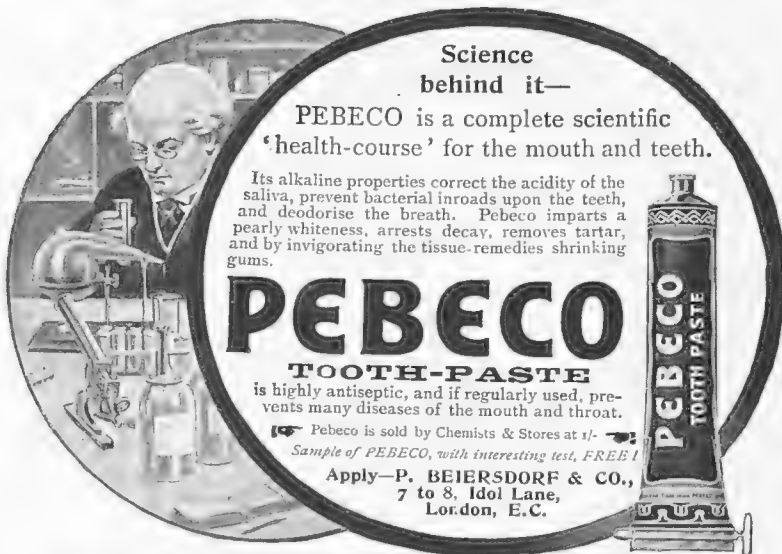
Its alkaline properties correct the acidity of the saliva, prevent bacterial inroads upon the teeth, and deodorise the breath. Pebeco imparts a pearly whiteness, arrests decay, removes tartar, and by invigorating the tissue-remedies shrinking gums.

PEBECO
TOOTH-PASTE

is highly antiseptic, and if regularly used, prevents many diseases of the mouth and throat.

Pebeo is sold by Chemists & Stores at 1/-
Sample of PEBECO, with interesting test, FREE!

Apply—P. BEIERSDORF & CO.,
7 to 8, Idol Lane,
London, E.C.



RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, &c.

Cured safely and permanently by dissolving and drawing out of the system the URIC ACID which lies at the root of the trouble.

DROITWICH BRINE CRYSTALS

(Prepared at and from the famous Brine Springs at Droitwich.)

"Droitwich Brine Crystals" in your daily bath will work wonders in all cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout. You try them.

From Chemists, or 28-lb. bag delivered free to any address in London or Suburbs for 2/-, or to any Country Station for 2/3.

WESTON & WESTALL, LTD. (Dept. 13) 16, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

PARIS GARTERS



FOR DISCRIMINATING MEN.

In correct dress, details count. The whole effect of perfect tailoring and grooming is spoilt entirely by creased or slipping socks.

PARIS GARTERS FOR MEN

put that common mischief right; they support without perceptible pressure; never chafe or strain, never tear the socks, retain their elasticity longer than any other.

No metal can touch you.

Price 2/- per Pair.

In White, Black, Green, Lavender,
Navy, Sky, Grey, or Brown.

Sold Everywhere.

Not genuine unless "PARIS"
stamped inside the pad.

Wholesale—

A. MERCHANT & CO., 7, FORE ST., LONDON, E.C.

TOOK OUT EVERY WRINKLE IN THREE NIGHTS.

London Woman's Remarkable Transformation, Other Women Try
the Same Plan. One Lady says Her Skin is Smooth
as a Young Girl's, and Adds,

"I AM 50 YEARS OLD."



BEFORE TREATMENT.

AFTER TREATMENT.

1000 TREATMENTS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

These photographs clearly indicate the awful change that wrinkles make in a woman's face. Notice how, with wrinkles gone, years seem to roll away as though under the power of a magic spell.

From wrinkles, ugliness to fair, soft beauty in three nights. Such was the marvellous transformation wrought when the hand of modern science touched the wrinkled face of Harriett Meta. From a humdrum existence she is, to-day, the talk of two Continents. She is as famed for her beauty on the fashionable and exclusive resorts of Paris as on the quiet streets of her home town.

It was Harriett Meta's rare good fortune to make a wonderful discovery for which others have long been seeking in vain. Previously she had tried everything that Science and ingenuity could suggest, in a desperate effort to rid herself of the defacing lines, furrows, and wrinkles that were steadily robbing her of all youth and beauty.

Beauty Specialists, Face Massage, Masks, Creams, and Steaming Pots had all failed in rapid succession, and her wrinkles seemed deeper than ever.

One day she took matters in her own hands, and evolved a simple process of her own. The effect was startling. Even one night brought astounding results. Two nights found wrinkles practically gone, and the third treatment—three nights in all—and her skin was as smooth and clear as a child's.

From what this discovery has done for Harriett Meta, and from what other ladies say it has done for them, it would seem possible that almost any woman, no matter what the extent or depth of her wrinkles, might have them removed entirely and for ever by means of this lucky discovery. For women without number testify to the marvellous results this simple process has wrought in their own case.

Mrs. P. G. Ledon, of Portland, writes:—"I am more than pleased with the results obtained from the use of your Triplex Beauty Treatment. It is most wonderful, as I have completely removed my lines and wrinkles by its use. I cannot thank you enough."

Mrs. S. Holmgren, of North Duxbury, writes:—"It actually seems as if my face had taken another shape. It has made me look so much

younger, and my skin is as smooth and fair as that of a young girl—and I am 50 years old."

Three years have passed over the head of this plucky and lucky woman, and to-day finds her famous as one of the world's most noted Beauty Specialists. Women by the thousand, and of every class and nation—even ladies of the European nobility—have consulted her to learn her marvellously simple and ingenious method by which she made her wrinkles go and youthful charm return. Many hundred thousand women have written to her about her discovery, and despite her social obligations, prompt attention is given to every letter. She is making thousands of women happy by helping them regain the charms they have lost through trouble, worry, and ill-health.

We are glad to announce that arrangements have been made with this famous Beauty Specialist whereby, for the next ten days, 1000 of her Beauty Treatments for the removal of wrinkles will be offered absolutely free to ladies. Readers of "The Sketch" should not hesitate to take prompt advantage of this generous offer. It may never be repeated. Thousands of her treatments have been sold in every corner of the globe for 21s. Simply use the Coupon, and YOU may obtain it free. Do not delay, but write to-day and address your letter to Harriett Meta, Depart 177 C., 141, Great Portland Street, London, W. Your letter will receive prompt attention.

Wrinkles Full Guinea Treatment FREE.

Cut out this Coupon to-day and mail it to the noted Beauty Specialist, Harriett Meta, Dept. 177 C., 141, Great Portland Street, London, W. You will receive full plan for obtaining her world-famous treatment for removing Wrinkles value 21s. ABSOLUTELY FREE. Good for next ten days to "Sketch" readers.



Better than Silk—

an all pure, porous, fleecy wool

SQUIRREL UNDERWEAR.

for Men, Women and Children

has the softness of silk with the healthfulness of wool—and is guaranteed unshrinkable.

"Squirrel Brand" popularity is world-wide because of the unique quality and texture of the "Squirrel Brand" wool, with the resultant hygienic comfort in all weathers.

"Squirrel Brand" Underwear is made only from the choicest grade of wool—the famous "Port Philip Lamb." It is delightfully light. Does not irritate but *soothes* the skin. Regulates the temperature of the body, and prevents chills.

A new garment free for every one that shrinks.

In white, natural and grey, in all sizes, and at prices to suit everyone.

Sold by all Dealers

Made by the oldest and most experienced firm in the trade:

CARTWRIGHT &
WARNERS, LTD.,
LOUGHBOROUGH.

(Established 1784.)

In case of difficulty, do not accept a substitute for "Squirrel Brand," but write us for name of nearest dealer.



Don't Experiment
—It is Costly.

Don't Argue
—It is Wasteful.

ASK FOR

VERITAS

THEY CONSUME LESS GAS
GIVE BRIGHTER LIGHT
THAN ANY OTHER.

ARE BRITISH MADE.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

Wholesale only: VERITAS LIGHT CO., LONDON.



Upright from 31d. each.
Inverted from 41d. each.



Light, Elegant, Durable,
and Scientifically Perfect

Fairy Eyeglasses are a deliberate revelation to those accustomed to old-style pince-nez. Fairy Eyeglasses correct the sight, dignify the expression, enhance the natural beauty and lustre of the eyes.

'FAIRY' INVISIBLE EYEGLASSES

Send for 'Fairy' Book and details of seven-day Free test.

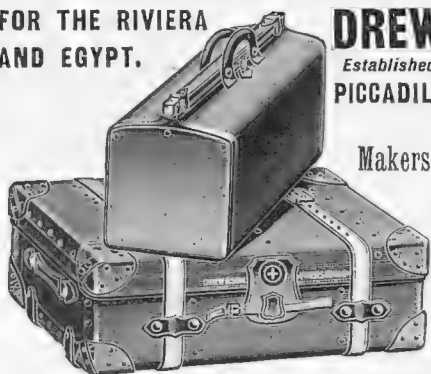
The 'Fairy' method of adjustment is the only one affording absolute satisfaction. Genuine 'Fairy' Glasses have 'Fairy' stamped beneath the bridge. Refuse imitations.

Obtainable of all high-class Opticians.

Why not have your present spectacles or folders converted into 'FAIRY' Glasses? Send them along and we will estimate the cost.

DOLLOND & CO., Ltd., The Royal Opticians,
223, Oxford St., W. · 5, Northumberland Ave., W.C.
62, Old Broad Street, E.C.
35, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

FOR THE RIVIERA
AND EGYPT.



DREW & SONS

Established over half a century.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS,

LONDON, W.

Makers of Highest Grade



OXHIDE TRUNKS AND BAGS.

LARGE STOCK of well-seasoned Trunks
to select from. Prices from £2

DREW & SONS

PATENT

"EN ROUTE"

Tea and Luncheon Basket.

Fitted
Cases
& Bags



To ensure a cup of perfect coffee
make it yourself at table with the

CAFFETA

COFFEE MAKER,

which makes delicious fragrant
coffee without any skill or trouble.

Simply place water and coffee together, light the lamp, and
wait for the whistle to blow—that's all.

Beautifully Finished, Plated or Copper.

Size: 4 Cups	6 Cups	8 Cups
15/6	21/-	25/-

Obtainable from Army and Navy Stores, John Barker, Benetink, Debenham and Freebody, D. H. Evans, Harrod's, Maple, Mappin and Webb, Peter Robinson, Selfridge, Spiers and Pond, Swan and Edgar, Whiteley's, and all leading Stores and Silversmiths.

In case of difficulty write to the Manufacturer:
C. WIENER, 1a, Fore Street, London, E.C.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR COMPLEXION,
YOU SHOULD USE

Lait-Larola

(Registered)

THIS DAINTY TOILET PREPARATION
protects the skin from the effects of Frost,
Cold Winds, and Hard Water, and prevents
Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, etc.
It keeps the skin Soft and White, and adds the
charm of youth to the complexion.

**IT WILL KEEP YOUR SKIN IN A PERFECT CONDITION
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**

Bottles 1/-, 2/6 each, of all Chemists and Stores.

SPECIAL OFFER Send us 3d., and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom)
a box of Samples of "Lait Larola," Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom,
Soap, and our pamphlet on how to improve your complexion.

M. BEETHAM & SON (DEPT. S), CHELTENHAM.

Prescribed by
the Medical
Profession
for 45 years.



This is the wrapper of

WRIGHT'S

The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE

COAL TAR SOAP.

4d. per Tablet.

Aero Muffler

A Genuine
Necessity for
MEN,
WOMEN,
and
CHILDREN.

British made from finest Scotch wool, perfect
fitting, very stylish. Small enough for
pocket, yet large enough to safeguard chest
and throat completely. Lasts for years.

Patent Dome Fasteners—fastened or
unfastened in an instant—no buttons
to come off.

'AERO' COLOURS (GUARANTEED FAST)
White, Tan, Grey, Reseda, Myrtle, Saxe
Blue, Navy, Amethyst, Brown Heather.
(All necks white-lined.)

PRICE 2/- EACH.

Drapers, Outfitters, and
Stores supply the
'AERO.'

If any difficulty write to—
**A. MACDOUGAL
& Co., Ltd.
LANARK,
N.B.**

PRICE'S CANDLES.

GOLD MEDAL
PALMITINE
FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS

GRAND PRIZE
PARASTRINE
FOR USE UNDER SHADES



Tecla's Reconstructed Gems

SCIENCE OUTDOES NATURE.

Tecla's Pearls
Tecla's Rubies
Tecla's Emeralds
Tecla's Sapphires

are conceded by experts and the press to equal the gems formed by Nature.

Professor Tecla has not succeeded in producing diamonds; therefore only real diamonds are used in setting his products. All mountings are original creations designed by our artists.

LONDON
30 Old Bond Street.

TECLA

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix.

No other Branches or Agents.

"THERE'S A WORLD OF GOOD IN THE EARLY MORNING CUP OF BENGERS."

Mixed with fresh new milk, Bengers's Food forms a dainty and delicious cream, and is a complete food in most agreeable form.

Half freshly-made tea and half Bengers's Food instead of milk or cream, makes a delightful change, combining the refreshing qualities of the tea with the digestive advantages of Bengers's Food.

The Proprietors of Bengers's Food issue a Booklet containing much valuable information on the feeding of Invalids and the Aged and the rearing of Infants. A copy will be sent post free on application to Bengers's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

Bengers's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc. everywhere

THE
EARLY
MORNING
CUP

BENGERS'S
Food

117



One Nursery Problem Solved

Your children won't have to be urged to brush their teeth with

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Its delicious candy flavour makes its constant use a treat to every youngster.

Cleanses thoroughly and antiseptically, prevents the growth of decay-germs, and counteracts the effects of injurious mouth-acids.

Just as Colgate's efficiency acts as a bodyguard against disease, so its pleasant flavour proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary in a dentifrice.

42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent for 2d. in stamps.

COLGATE & Co., British Depot (Dept. R 1), 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Est. 1806.

ZENOBIA PERFUMES

ARE THE PERFECT SCENTS OF THE FLOWERS.

SWEET PEA BLOSSOM & NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Absolutely identical with the delicious fragrance of the flowers.

2/6, 3/6, 5/6, and 10/6 per bottle.

Sold by Leading Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

ZENOBIA TOILET SOAP .. 1/-, 1/6, and 3/- per box.

ZENOBIA SACHETS .. 6d. and 1/- each.

ZENOBIA TOILET POWDERS 1/- and 2/6 per box.

A BIJOU SAMPLE BOX, containing Perfume, Soap, and Sachet of either odour, sent post free for 3d. stamps, mentioning "The Sketch."

W. F. CHARLES, ZENOBIA LABORATORIES, LOUGHBOROUGH.



You can greatly improve Your personal appearance

if only you will take the trouble and employ the proper means. Use Pomeroy Skin Food daily, as directed. Pomeroy Skin Food cleanses, softens, and feeds the Skin. It gives tone to the Complexion, charms away wrinkles, rounds out the contours, and is, in fact, the greatest aid to preserving and enhancing charm yet discovered.



POMEROY SKIN-FOOD

TRIAL OFFER

On receipt of 3d. stamps Mrs. Pomeroy Ltd. will send, post free, a small trial jar of "SKIN FOOD" and one Pomeroy Shampoo Powder.

Price 1/6, 3/6, and 5/- a jar. Obtainable from Chemists, Stores, or direct from

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29F, Old Bond Street, London, W.

Provincial Branches: MANCHESTER: 10, St. Ann's Square; LIVERPOOL: 27, Leeson Street; BIRMINGHAM: 75, New Street; GLASGOW: 281, Sauchiehall Street; DUBLIN: 67, Grafton Street; SHEFFIELD: 4, Market Place Buildings.

"His Master's Voice."

Have you heard the marvellous instrument bearing this famous picture Trade Mark?

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW AND REALISE THE WONDER OF THIS INSTRUMENT—and to know WHY all these great Artists sing and play ONLY FOR THE GRAMOPHONE CO., LTD. It is because they consider the instrument bearing the famous picture Trade Mark can ALONE do them justice, and because they know, AS WE WANT YOU TO KNOW, that the Gramophone Co.'s picture Trade Mark, "His Master's Voice," printed in colours on every record and instrument STANDS FOR QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Mr. Henry J. Wood,

the great Conductor of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, says:

"I consider that the new wooden horn you have brought out one of which I have on my own Gramophone, marks a very important advance in the accurate reproduction both of the voice and of instrumental music.

"I have never heard the Gramophone sound so well as it does with this new horn, and it certainly adds greatly to the pleasure of listening to the instrument."



William Backlund
Mark Hambourg
Harry Grantham
Imogene
Robert Rastford
John McFormack
Arthur Pathé
Clara Butt
Miss Allis
Patricia
Robert Rastford
John McFormack
Arthur Pathé

Ask the nearest accredited dealer to the Gramophone to play you whatever is your favourite piece. He is sure to have it. ON RECEIPT OF A POST-CARD we will send you our latest brochures and catalogues, and if you are interested in Grand Opera, we will send also a new book on "Faust" by F. Merry, illustrated by W. E. Webster (free of charge.)

The Gramophone Co.,

LTD.,

21, City Road, London, E.C.

ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS

LTD.

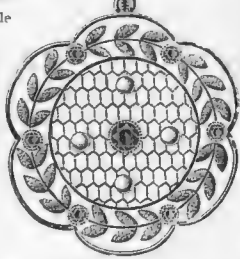
1910

Fine Gold and Diamond Brooch, whole Pearl end, £26 6s.

Any article can be purchased on our System of Monthly Payments.



No. 8207. Beautiful Platinum, Diamond and Enamel centre Pendant, £21



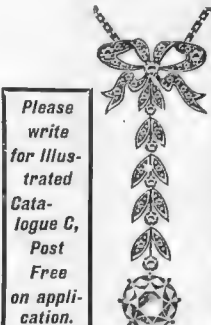
Fine Gold Pendant set with Pearls and Amethyst centre, £3 15s.



Fine Brilliant Drop with Platinum Chain, £52 10s.



No. 8210. Choice Brilliant, Pearl and Enamel centre Pendant Necklace, £50



Fine Brilliant Drop with Platinum Chain, £52 10s.

Diamond Plaques from 20 to 100 guineas.



Fine Cut Emerald and Diamond Ring, £105



Fine Cut Emerald, Diamond, and Pearl Ring, £31 10s.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Ring, £37 10s.



Fine Cut Ruby and Diamond Ring, £85

GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, London, W.C.



LAGAVULIN DISTILLERY.

Ask specially for

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

GREAT AGE & BOUQUET.

UNLESS ASKED FOR YOU WILL NOT GET IT.

PHOTOS by POST or RAIL on APPROVAL



"SPRING." By Desportes. Folio Size, unmounted, at Two Shillings.

Assortments of Photos are sent WITHOUT DEPOSIT for selection to Responsible Applicants in any Country upon their stating their profession or business and requirements. No obligation to purchase.

PHOTOS.

Paris Salon Pictures. Classical Undraped Figures. Secular and Religious Subjects. Statuary. Views. Yachts. Dramatic and other Celebrities. Life (Nude Human Figures). Animal, Flower, Fruit, Cloud, Wave, and other Studies for Artists.

COLLECTIONS FROM NOTED GALLERIES.

Prices from Threepence to Fifteen Shillings each. Write to-day for our Illustrated Abridged Catalogue of Photos and List of our noted Stereos, Twopence-halfpenny, post free; or with a Specimen Quarto, or Cabinet, One Shilling, post free. From residents abroad, Foreign Stamps up to a total of One Shilling are accepted, but International Postal Coupons or Money Orders are much preferred.

ERDMANN & SCHANZ,
(Established 1876).

Baldry Terrace, 109/6, Bedford Hill, High St., Balham, London, S.W.
Showroom Hours, 10 till 5; Saturdays, 10 till 12.

A Tobacco Discovery

NYASA**Smoking
Mixture**

The superb new Tobacco from Nyasaland, British Central Africa, especially remarkable for COOL SMOKING, AROMATIC FLAVOUR, and FREE BURNING. It possesses exceptionally fine qualities, and has delighted everyone who has smoked it.

TRY IT.

per **5^d.** oz.Or in Cartridges—**5^d.**
Packets, containing 14**NYASA Cigarettes****3d. per packet of 10**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining NYASA Smoking Mixture, send a postcard to the manufacturers for addresses of the nearest tobacconists who sell it. Made solely by

R. & J. HILL, Ltd., London, E. Estd. 1775.



S. & P.

**Do have
A warm home****WELL FIRE**

& FOUNDRY CO. LTD.
21 BERNERS ST. W.
LATE 33, DOVER ST. W.

The superiority of the WELL FIRE & FOUNDRY CO.'S GRATES is recognised all over the world, as is evidenced by the fact that they are installed in more public and private buildings than any other grate.

Designs to suit the
requirements of any
rooms. PRICES from 27s.

REDUCE YOUR COAL BILL

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST "D"
The WELL FIRE & FOUNDRY COMPANY, Ltd.,



21, Berners Street, London, W.

Also
16, John Dalton Street, Manchester.
34, Paradise Street, Liverpool.
104, Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

SPECIAL AGENTS
Glasgow: W. MILLER, Ltd., 123, Renfield Street.
Newcastle-on-Tyne: ST. WALKER & SON, Ltd.,
44, Westgate Road.
New Zealand: F. HOLMES, Ltd., Lambton Quay,
Wellington.

N.B.—The name
"Well Fire" is not
a generic term, but de-
scribes fireplaces made
only by this Com-
pany. To offer or sell
any other fire under
this name is a
fraud upon the
public.

**The Caramel for To-Day, To-Morrow,
and the Day After!**

The
Jersey Caramel

You never get tired of these delicious sweet-meats; they have such a pleasing flavour, quite distinctive, so buttery, creamy, and rich; they are made of full Cream-Milk, and the best butter, and are nourishing and pure—and that's why they never tire.

The Grand Prix at the "Japan-British Exhibition" was awarded Jersey Caramels—what better testimony?

Go to your Confectioner and ask for JERSEY CARAMELS, in 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1/- boxes. If he does not supply you, send his name, and we will forward you a sample box free of all cost.

BATGER & Co., Ltd.,

The Oldest Manufacturing Confectioners,
16, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

**A Two Years' Chart for
Baby's Weight—FREE**

The Mellin's "Weight Chart" enables you to keep a record of baby's progress day by day, then week by week, then month by month for the first two years of baby's life.

This chart is simple, interesting and useful; it should be in the hands of every mother. A copy will be sent FREE.

Mellin's Food

Mix Mellin's Food with fresh cow's milk and you have the exact equivalent of mother's milk, starch-free, safe and beneficial to a baby from the day of birth. No cooking required, prepared in a moment.

Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, London, S.E.

**Watch Baby's Progress**

Baby should be weighed at regular intervals; there is no surer way of judging baby's progress. With the Mellin Weight Chart you can see the record at a glance.

**OMEGA**

The Watch of matchless merit
Price One Guinea & upwards, at all leading watchmakers

THE MOST PERFECT TOILET PAPER EVER PRODUCED**ASK FOR NOVIO**

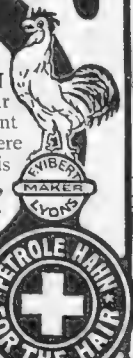
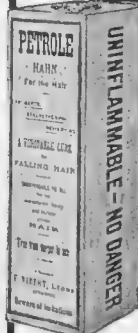
The "Lancet" says: "We found that the statements made in regard to the merits of this paper are correct. The paper at any rate is free from injurious or irritating substances, is smooth, and, while firm, becomes soft and apparently soluble like thin rice paper in contact with water."

SOLD EVERYWHERE**ANTISEPTIC·THIN·SOFT·STRONG & SILKY****PETROLE HAHN****THE GREAT HAIR TONIC**

is the most effective

Hair Restorer in the World, with more than 30 years' reputation. It makes the Hair soft, glossy and luxuriant, promotes new growth, and soon covers thin patches with Hair. **PETROLE HAHN** cures scurf and dandruff, and gives health and vigour to the Hair by its stimulating action. Prominent Doctors and Hair Specialists prescribe it everywhere. **PETROLE HAHN**, the great French Specific, is delicately perfumed. Guaranteed absolutely safe, **NON-EXPLOSIVE & NON-INFLAMMABLE.**

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in bottles at 2/6, 4/6, and 10/- Wholesale: F. VIBERT, Manufacturer, 89, Avenue Berthelot, Lyons, France.

**PRESERVES, BEAUTIFIES
PROMOTES NEW GROWTH**

ROYAL EXILES IN ENGLAND

IN deciding to make England his home from home, King Manoel but follows long-established precedent. Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; so, when they fly, do Central and South American Presidents and Dictators. But exiled royalty comes to England, leaving its crown behind it. The way was prepared for our newest regal alien by a lady who formerly shared the throne from which he was the other day expelled. The venerable widow of Dom Miguel, formerly King of Portugal, was that Lady Abbess who received Princess Clara of Bavaria into the community of Benedictine nuns in the Isle of Wight not very long ago. But it is to the fleeing rulers of France that we have most often offered welcome asylum.

The movement may be said to have begun with the advent of that extraordinary personage, King Theodore of Corsica. The son of a Westphalian baron, he was by turns page, soldier, spy, diplomatic agent, then King for eight months of Corsica. After that flight came residence in England, where he ended his career in the old debtors' prison. In his steps came, later, more than one of the royal *émigrés* whom the Revolution set travelling. And surely, where a Corsican King had been, another son of the island might come. Napoleon was willing. "I have terminated my political career," he wrote to the Prince Regent, after Waterloo, "and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws; which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies." The only answer to this appeal was "St. Helena."

It was different with Napoleon's successors. First we were favoured with the presence of a "Louis XVII." who was no Louis at all. He was really François Henri Herbert, a native of the Rouen district, who declared himself to be the missing Dauphin, but, breaking prison, to which he had been committed on a twelve years' sentence, he reached London, where, believed in by many, he passed the last eleven years of his life.

But we did not lack a genuine Louis. Charles Louis, second son of the murdered Louis XVI., who, afterwards, became Louis XVIII., was in exile for seven years from 1807 in England, where, after being chased from all the countries of the Continent, he purchased a home at Hartwell, and held high Court until the fall of Napoleon put an end to his four-and-twenty years of exile. Following him to England in due course came his successor, Charles X.

Next came Louis Philippe when his regal course was run. He knew England well, for he had passed fourteen years of his exile

here before mounting the throne. When the time came for him to flee the flaring Europe of '48, his knowledge of English stood him in good stead. He assumed the rôle of plain "William Smith," and, swearing that he could speak no French, bluffed the officers who were out to arrest him. "Thank God," he tremblingly said, as he sat down in the cabin of the English vessel which was to bring him over, "Thank God that I am under the British flag." Claremont provided a safe anchorage for him and his family during the last two years of his life. His widowed Queen remained a friend of Queen Victoria, and it was she who slipped out by a back way, unknown and unnoted, from Windsor Castle when Napoleon III. and his radiant Empress arrived there on a visit to Queen Victoria. When time wrenched the sceptre from the hands of Louis Napoleon, he, like the rest, turned his face to England. No Frenchman knew it better. Here, before his apotheosis, he had lived the life of a needy adventurer, and had served as a special constable in the Chartist riots.

When the crash came, the Empress escaped in circumstances which already constitute a classic page in the history of royal vicissitudes. She and her son, the Prince Imperial, set up house at Chishurst. There, upon his release by the German Emperor, the fallen monarch joined them. Camden Place, their house, is now a popular golf club. In its Napoleonic days, it was the scene of many quiet splendours, and not a few excitements. Thither went all the schemers who desired to see Napoleon III. back again upon the throne; and thither went, too, armed fanatics, prepared to take his life to prevent such a consummation. There father and son, the Emperor who had been, the boy who was to be, walked arm-in-arm about the house, talking of men and affairs and of the days that were coming to both. Louis Napoleon there underwent the operation which was to fit him for another dash for the throne. The sole object was that he might be enabled once more to mount a horse, and lead in the troops whom he was to placate before advancing on Paris. The whole scheme was ready. The money was provided, the ship chartered. But he must ride; his plan would fail, he felt, if he had to recline in a carriage. To that end he underwent the fatal operation.

It was at Chishurst that the Prince Imperial determined to go out as a volunteer in the British Army to the Zulu War. He had fallen in love with a young girl in the neighbourhood, and to cure him of this fatal fascination he was urged to go. He went—and died. And his widowed childless mother alone remains to tell the bitter agony of it all.

But King Manoel, the newest exile, comes to another of his kind. The Duke of Orleans is, like himself, an exile, and has claims indisputable to the French throne.



All rights reserved.

BEAUTY from the Mother's point of view.

A Mother's chief concern with beauty is to see it developed in healthy, natural conditions in her children, and see their skin preserved in youthful freshness, towards which nothing serves so well as

Pears' Soap

which acts as a soothing emollient balm to the tender and sensitive skins of children, keeping the cuticle in a condition of velvety softness, thus securing for the complexion a lasting loveliness of natural colour.

**Best for the Bath
and the Toilet**



THE
Most Exclusive Coats & Frocks
in London.

Ladies visiting London who study ORIGINALITY of STYLE and PERFECTION of FIT should not fail to call and inspect Mr. Ernest's ARTISTIC DRESSES, COATS, and SKIRTS, &c., and compare Style, Workmanship, and Price before Ordering Elsewhere.

185, REGENT STREET,
W.

Ernest

Afternoon
Gowns

Tailor
Costumes

Evening
Dresses

Travelling
Coats

Millinery

Spécialité.

Tailor Suits from 12½ Guineas.



Photo. Manuel.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys,
IN A CHARMING HAT BY THE MAISON LEWIS.

MAISON LEWIS
210, REGENT STREET, W.
LONDON.



A LEATHER OF QUALITY.

Pigskin as exemplified in the Mark Cross productions needs only be seen to be admired and chosen for articles of every-day use for Gentlemen who require their personal belongings to be in accord with their ideas of Refinement and Taste.

CIGAR CASES
For All Sportsmen.



As No. 1. In fine Pigskin, Silk Lined, No. 1070 ... 19/-

As No. 2. Ditto, Leather Lined, No. 1168 ... 13/6

CIGARETTE CASES.

In Real Pigskin, Lined Leather, as illustrated
No. 3. No. 1468, 10/-
No. 4. No. 1471, 10/-

RAZOR ROLLS.

No man can travel without a razor roll, and it is essential that this should be as compact as possible. The above picture illustrates the ideal form of roll. It is made in superior quality Pigskin, lined with dark rust-proof Reindeer. No. 211 B.

AS ILLUSTRATED (unfitted).

For 2 razors, 5/3
For 4 razors, 8/-
For 7 razors, 11/6

MARK CROSS Ltd

ENGLISH MAKERS OF LEATHER GOODS AND GLOVES.

ADDRESS IN LONDON: 89 REGENT STREET W.

Telephone: 3417 Gerrard.

Telegrams: "Crossalia, London."

SMART BOOTS
FOR TOWN WEAR



Special Value
Superior Quality
28/- each

THE SOLID COMFORT HARD-WEARING QUALITIES AND PERFECT MODELLING OF THESE SMART BOOTS ARE ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE IN EVERY PAIR

Pinet Boots and Shoes are being worn by all the best-dressed men in Town. This is due solely to the sound material used, the elegant style, and the perfect fitting of every pair.

Pinet's Footwear is the World's Best—and remember the best is always the cheapest

Call to-day and view all the new models, or write at once for New Autumn Catalogue.

F. Pinet

47 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W

Telephone: 2174 Gerrard

HALL'S Sanitary Washable DISTEMPER

(TRADE MARK)



The HALL and STAIRCASE.

"Hall's Distemper is directly associated with all that is refined and artistic in Home Decoration."

The flat uniform shades give highly decorative effects in spacious halls where fine architecture can be fully utilised and rich colour schemes obtained from the wide range of 70 shades.

In villas, etc., where the hall and staircase are comparatively small, Hall's Distemper possesses even greater advantages. The plain walls with white friezes give a larger and lighter appearance where wall paper patterns appear to diminish space. Another favourite style is to have a light shade and varnish the lower part. This darkens the Distemper, forms harmonious colouring and a dado of great wear-resisting properties.

Hall's Distemper is cheaply applied with a whitewash brush and is entirely free from the objectionable smell of paint. It is altogether the quickest form of re-decoration.

Write to-day for sample, shade card and beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "How to Decorate Your Home," shewing, in colours, how to artistically decorate every room of the house. Sent post free from the Sole Manufacturers:—

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., LTD., HULL.
London Office: 199B, Borough High Street, S.E.



They Live again

Because their masterpieces are interpreted to perfection upon the

CECILIAN PLAYER PIANO

The only instrument enabling one to perform one's favourite pieces with an entirely natural expression. Call and you will at once appreciate the artistic superiority of the Cecilian over all other Players, or write and obtain our free descriptive Booklet "A."

The FARRAND CO.,
50a, Wigmore Street,
London, W.

DB & CO

USE

"NUGGET"

POLISHES.
BLACK and BROWN.

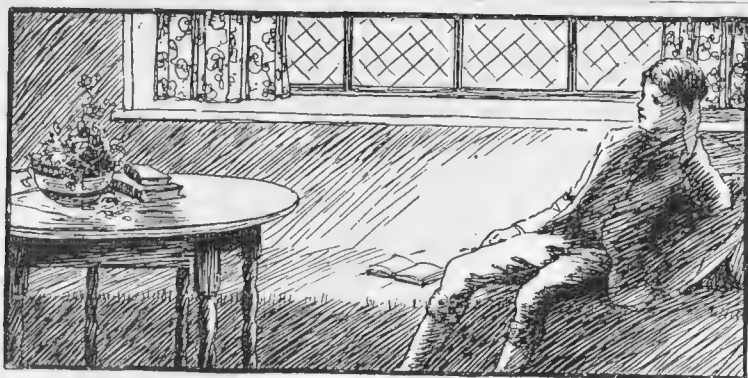
THE "NUGGET"
WATERPROOF
BLACK POLISH
UNEQUALLED

TRADE MARK
REGIS. TERED.

FREE FROM ACID OF ANY DESCRIPTION.
PRESERVING LEATHER FROM CRACKING.

FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX
CALF AND OTHER LEATHERS
LONDON, S.E.

"DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"



FURNITURE: An Early Training.

By "CURCULIO."



THE atmosphere in which a youth is reared has as wide a bearing upon his future as any mere book-learning that he may acquire at school. The youth whose surroundings have been cultured should develop into a cultured man whilst the less fortunate one, whose early environment has been commonplace, is in every danger of growing up with commonplace notions and ideas.

This rule, like all others, abounds in exceptions; there is the degenerate who will do no credit to the advantages of youth, and there is the man who, notwithstanding even sordid early surroundings, will assert his individuality and cultivate his senses. Still, the early environment is worth much, and never worth more than to-day; for, let sneering critics say what they will in depreciation of our own times and their products, the fact remains that we live in an age of culture second to none that has gone before it. An appreciation of the arts which was once the prerogative of princes, is expected to-day of every man with any claims to be considered well-bred. And it is expected of him not only that he shall appreciate, but that he shall give practical expression to his appreciation. In nothing is this—nor can it be—looked for so much as in the environment which a man creates for himself—the establishment which he sets up. For those fortunate ones whose surroundings from early youth have been such as to develop in them a sense of beauty and of fitness, the task is comparatively a light one. For those who have had no such advantages, it is fraught with grave difficulties. They may know what pleases and what displeases them. That is no more than the possession of a critical faculty, and between criticising and creating there is a whole world of difference. It is at this stage that the services of an expert become desirable, and desirable, for the matter of that, not only to such an individual as I have supposed, but also to him who is equipped with all the advantages of early training—in short, to all those who wish to create for themselves an artistic house, and wish to obtain the very best results that



the outlay they are prepared to make will permit. There is in London a firm of such experts, a firm of high artistic reputation, acquired through generations of good workmanship and æsthetic endeavour, a firm ever ready to bestow upon its patrons the fruits of its own vast experience, a firm whose guidance I recommend as invaluable. I refer to Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher. To enter their showrooms at 217-218, Tottenham Court Road, is to realise how well they merit this recommendation, for you enter at once an atmosphere of culture—an atmosphere produced almost insensibly by the supreme good taste of the specimens exhibited and the subtle art with which they have been grouped. Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's amazing intimacy with the antique of all periods—of the art of reproducing which they were, as everyone knows, the very pioneers—contributes largely to this effect; their accumulated knowledge, acquired through generations of experience, enabling them not only to collect their specimens with the rarest discrimination, but to give expression to everything that is best in the arts of blending, harmonising and grouping. Under their guidance, which they place enthusiastically at their patrons' disposal, it will be difficult to go wrong, however dim your notions may be of how to set about furnishing with distinction; and even if your early training and subsequent study have equipped you with exceptional knowledge of the subject, you will still find that Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher can be of infinite service to you in more ways than in merely providing you with the furniture you may require.

THE BURBERRY HAT

"A WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY."

A
Burberry
Brochure
containing
beautiful
coloured
illustrations
of exquisite
Hats for
women
travelling
or in the
country.

To see how
artistic and
charming a
tailor-made
hat can be,
write for

THE
BURBERRY
HAT

Brochure "H."



BURBERRYS, 30-33, Haymarket, LONDON.
10, Boul. Malesherbes, PARIS.

ALSO AGENTS IN CHIEF PROVINCIAL TOWNS.

PARFUM

Lucienne

R. C. Liver

PARIS

Extract
5/6 10/6 21/8^c
per bottle

Silk Sachet 2/6 each

Face Powder
per 3/4 box

Toilet Soap
per 7/3 box

This new Series of highly subtle distinction is obtainable of all leading Houses throughout the United Kingdom.

TOWN & COUNTRY KIT.



Town Coats.
From 3 Guineas.

OVERCOATS KEPT
IN STOCK
READY FOR
IMMEDIATE WEAR OR
MADE TO ORDER,
FROM
3
GUINEAS.

*Gentlemen
Personally
Waited
Upon.*

Patterns and Self-
measurement
Forms Post Free
on Application.



Lounge Suits.
From 4 Guineas.

E. GEORGE & Co.,

Makers of the Celebrated "George" Motor Coat,

Devonshire House, 87, Regent Street, W.



Illustrated
Booklet
Post
Free.

All the
Newest
Designs
for the
Season
are now
to be seen
in our
Showrooms.

Seasonable Fashions.



Silk and Felt Hats in the Leading Shapes for the Season
Also for Riding and Driving. Fine qualities only.

SCOTTS

1 Old Bond St. PICCADILLY, W.

**To Asthma
SUFFERERS**
Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis,
Croup and Whooping Cough
by the use of **POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE**, in 1/-
Tins. Sold everywhere. For
FREE SAMPLE send Post-
Card to **POTTER & CLARKE**,
Artillery Lane, London, E.
Mention Paper.

INSTANT RELIEF

THE
**LONDON ELECTROTYPE
AGENCY, Ltd.,**

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should
apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with
arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photo-
graphs, &c.
Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The
Sketch," &c.

THE **Star** **SAFETY RAZOR**

Over SEVEN MILLIONS
Sold & in use
throughout the
world.

No. 1 Razor, 5/6
No. 2 Extra Blade, 3/-
No. 26 Diagonal Strop, 3/6

4500 SHAVES WITH ONE STAR BLADE

COPY OF ONE OF OUR MANY TESTIMONIALS:
It may, perhaps, interest you to know that in June, 1891, I purchased one of the
KAMPE SAFETY RAZORS, and since then have shaved myself with it up to the
present, upwards of 4500 times, and although the blade is rather worn with repeated
stroppings, it shaves to-day as well as when I bought it.
Yours truly,
Great Missenden, Bucks.
W. H. M. BULL.

Write for
Illustrated Catalogue
of all Cutlers and
Silversmiths.

THE VALUE IS IN THE BLADE.
MARK & CO. (LONDON) Ltd., Dept. S, 6, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

140, Fenchurch St.,
London, E.C.

Dear Sir,

I am offering some excep-
tional values in Dress Suitings
and Overcoatings, which will
be my specialities for Winter,
1910.

The favour of an early
inspection will be esteemed.

Yours faithfully,

John J. M. Bull.

Dress Suit, silk-lined, from 84/-
Frock Coat and Vest " 63/-
Lounge Suit " 55/-
Norfolk and Knickers " 63/-
Overcoat " 55/-

Frock and Dress Coat Specialist.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION,

36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. LTD.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train
in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person, or had left at home, this
ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such
accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue, only and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions
of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen
at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

October 19, 1910.

Signature.....

The Illustrated London News

FINE-ART PLATES,

PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

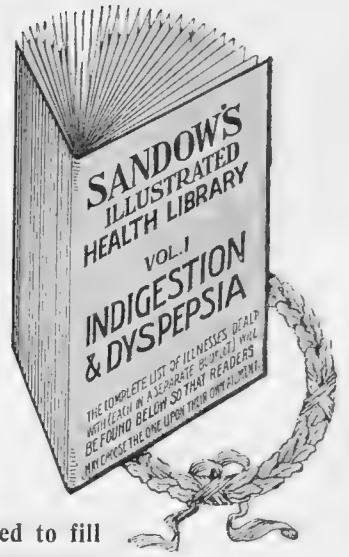
172, STRAND, W.C.



GREAT OFFER TO ALL DESIRING PERFECT HEALTH.

By means of which every man or woman may, without cost, learn all about the famous Sandow Method of securing and maintaining Health, which is open to all, wherever they may live—however chronic their complaint—whatever their means.

As many million books explaining the methods as may be necessary are to be provided and distributed, entirely without charge, to all applicants by Mr. Eugen Sandow, the well-known specialist in curing illness without medicine.



Readers to whom the knowledge of the wonderful avenue to perfect health would be useful are specially invited to fill in and forward to Mr. Eugen Sandow the coupon below, writing in the number of the booklet which meets their own case.

THE marvellous cures effected and health improvement secured by thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children in the last few years as the result of Mr. Sandow's advice, and the world-wide call amongst medical authorities, professional and business men and women, and others in all classes of life throughout the British Empire for a wider spread of the all-important health knowledge which Mr. Sandow has to convey, has drawn him to organise his health offer upon gigantic and scientific lines.

There is no cost or obligation of any sort attaching to the use of the application form below, as it is printed by special arrangement to make the Sandow Treatment even better known to readers of "The Sketch" than it is at present.

The name of Eugen Sandow is known throughout the world as that of a man who has devoted his lifetime to the health, improvement, and physical betterment of the British nation. He is the founder of a remarkable treatment for the medicineless cure of illness, which has often been noticed in the pages of "The Sketch," and which has brought about such astonishingly successful health results that the most eminent medical men testify to its wonderful efficacy.

This offer is of particular interest to all who are suffering ill-health, because not only can they secure, without cost, an illustrated book showing just how the Treatment is applied in such a condition as their own, but the form below carries with it the advantage of a personal letter of opinion upon the inquirer's own case, if full particulars are given of the individual's present health condition.

The marvellous success with which the Sandow Treatment has met is due to the fact that it is a natural treatment in which drugs or irksome dietary play no part, and that in the majority of instances it can be taken at

home; and also to its world-wide reputation as the most certain curative treatment ever discovered—a reputation built up of results always gratifying to sufferers, and in many instances so surprising as to appear well-nigh incredible.

Many investigations have been made by well-known newspapers and medical men of the claims advanced for and the results secured by this treatment, and in no instance have the

treatment is prescribed after his or her illness has been thoroughly considered, the closest attention being paid to the age, constitution and condition of the sufferer, who consequently receives just the exercises which are known from experience to give the greatest benefit.

Twenty-four illustrated books have been produced by Mr. Sandow, each dealing with one of the illnesses or conditions which this treatment has proved so successful in curing. Below will be found the titles of the books and a coupon which entitles the sender to a copy of the book required. It is only necessary to fill in the coupon, cut it out, and post it to Mr. Eugen Sandow, at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W. The book and a letter containing a personal opinion on the inquirer's case will be sent as nearly by return of post as possible.



THE SANDOW INSTITUTE

32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., the world's headquarters for Curing Illness without Medicine, from whence advice is daily given to callers and by post to hundreds of inquirers in all parts of the globe.

findings been otherwise than highly satisfactory.

The Treatment is one of simple scientific exercises, the movements of which are so easy and gentle that they can be made without effort, without causing fatigue, and without fear of strain by the frailest woman suffering severe illness equally with the strongest man who is temporarily out of condition. For every patient a separate course of individual

These are the titles of the twenty-four illustrated books in the Sandow Health Library, each of which deals with a particular ailment or condition, and shows how a sufferer would be benefited by the famous Sandow treatment of illness without medicine. Every reader of "The Sketch" who is in ill-health or out of condition can obtain a copy of the book relating to the illness or complaint endured, free of charge and post free.

1. INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA
2. CONSTIPATION AND ITS CURE
3. LIVER TROUBLES
4. NERVOUS DISORDERS IN MEN
5. NERVOUS DISORDERS IN WOMEN
6. OBESITY IN MEN
7. OBESITY IN WOMEN
8. HEART AFFECTIONS
9. LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS
10. RHEUMATISM AND GOUT
11. ANÆMIA: ITS CAUSE AND CURE
12. KIDNEY DISORDERS: FUNCTIONAL AND CHRONIC
13. LACK OF VIGOUR
14. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN
15. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN
16. FUNCTIONAL DEFECTS IN SPEECH
17. CIRCULATORY DISORDERS
18. SKIN DISORDERS
19. PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT FOR MEN
20. EVERYDAY HEALTH
21. BOYS' AND GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS
22. FIGURE CULTURE FOR WOMEN
23. INSOMNIA
24. NEURASTHENIA.

Choose the book desired, and fill in and forward the application form to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

Post to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

SPECIAL APPLICATION FORM FOR "SKETCH" READERS.

Please send me a gratis copy of Vol. No....., with an opinion as to whether my case is one for treatment by your method.

NAME.....

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title.

ADDRESS.....

My age is..... Occupation.....

Ailment or Physical Condition from which relief is desired.....

Give further particulars on your own notepaper.



A REDUCED FACSIMILE

Of "Truth's" report on the Sandow Treatment of illness without medicine, by its special investigator, issued in the interests of the public, and fully authenticating the claims made for this marvellous form of cure

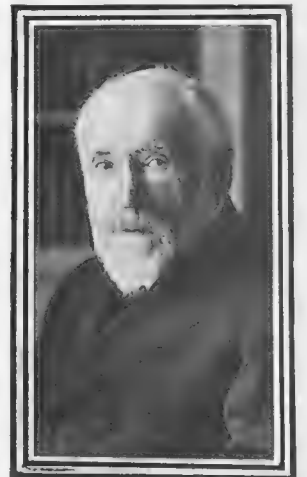


Photo. Central News.

MR. H. LABOUCHERE

Proprietor of the well-known newspaper and exposé of shams, "Truth," which, after a full investigation of the Sandow Treatment, vouched for the fact that it cured 94 persons in every 100 of their illnesses, and gave substantial relief to 99 out of every 100 persons

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Stars of Revival."By MARGAM JONES.
(John Long.)

"The Stars of Revival" is in every sense a curious literary production. Its matter (the religious passions of a little Welsh community) and its manner (now naïve, and then windy as the leader of a provincial newspaper) must provoke question and comment from its most casual reader. A distinctly foreign flavour may be the result of Welsh idiom, confessedly cultivated by the author; but notwithstanding the Celtic charm of it, the purist will regret to find the hero lost in "ratiocinative reverie," the maiden turning from him with "a graceful jerk," and will deplore phrases like "concernful," "with amaze," and "undestructible." "God's acre" may be Welsh mannerism, but "graveyard" is a better word in serious artistic work; and when a baby dies it is more effective to say so than to reveal "that the vital spark had escaped from the fair and frail little casket." So much allowed, there yet remains a very suggestive study of Methodism on the Celtic brain. During a tremendous storm that raged over tiny Cumhelig, two babies are born to be motherless, and two strange stars shine in the cleared sky. The stars barely reappear, but the babies, a girl and boy, live to become the central figures in a Methodist revival of the last century. Though they were excommunicated for the irreverence of walking home together from church on a Sunday evening, their loves burn dimly, like a Celtic myth, in the white heat of their religious ardour. As a youth Taliasin preached Christ and Total Abstinence in the village public-house; hardened sinners fell like autumn leaves, and Mr. Margam Jones flings wide the gates of Salem on spiritual mysteries and triumphs. When Taliasin cries, "Worthy is the Lamb" several times in succession, the audience take up the words, weave them into a wild chorus like the mad music of the tempest, and a bright cloud is seen to settle over the pulpit—in the midst thereof a lamb! When Gwen leads with her beautiful voice some hymn dear to Methodism, the congregation wave handkerchiefs, fall flat upon the ground, swoon, and dance, Gwen herself clapping hands and laughing with childlike glee. Mr. Margam Jones has indeed dissected the true Methodist: a wonderful blend of the bacchanal and the Puritan.

"Sacrifice."By F. E. PENNY.
(Chaffo and Windus.)

The sacrifice of the book so named is of two orders and two worlds. One is given to the fetish-worship of an Indian goddess, one is offered upon the altar of English middle-class tradition. Both are human, and both are happily, at what seems the fatal moment, averted. The Khonds, a hill-tribe of Ganjam, possessed

an Earth-goddess to whom they were in the habit of presenting at intervals a specially reared youth. He was cut to pieces in the jungle with many ceremonious observances, and thus the desired rains were coaxed out of Tari Pennu, to the prospering of crops. This was previous of course, to the English occupation; but fifty years of Western rule cannot eradicate untold ages of religious thought, and the British official in those parts is brought face to face with the unchanged and unchangeable Eastern mind. Dramatically he rides in on his elephant just in time to lift the victim from his rude cross, and the latter is not only rescued but restored to a Rajah, who has been searching for an heir with much humour and subtlety. And in case we should grow superior over our enlightenment and humanity, the brave rescuer very nearly misses a charming wife, because her mother would fain sacrifice her on a Western altar—the matrimonial one. The story runs its entertaining way along the lines of East and West, and is much enlivened by a native youth, a scullion to the English Sahib, who betrays the elements of a Beer-bohm Tree, and does eventually desert the kitchen for the stage, where he is a great success in English parts played in his master's dressing-gown.

"An Affair of Dishonour."By WILLIAM DE MORGAN.
(Heinemann.)

In the dawn before the duel Sir Oliver Raydon dreamed an unpleasant dream. Waking, he slipped cautiously away from the young creature who slept on, unconscious that her lover went to fight her father. Lucinda, lovely and loving, was notoriously married. Hence the duel, her father challenging, and the dishonour of it was Oliver's because, wearied with a difficult bout, he wounded his opponent twice, the second thrust a murderous and fatal one. Very naturally, he disliked telling Lucinda, even carried her away to delay any rumour reaching her. But she learned it in curious fashion, and left him forthwith. When, after a duel with her brother, he is brought to her house, and a letter also arrives announcing his wife's death of plague, she refuses to marry him; but next day changes her "No" for "Yes." The reason certainly justifies her. Once again she goes to his home, as the lawful Lady Raydon, and then guilt, remorse, and epilepsy realise fantastically the dream that was his doom. Oliver is Lovelace over again, but Mr. de Morgan is not Richardson. "This is a tale, not a homily," he remarks on one occasion, and the reminder is not unnecessary. His attitude towards his Lovelace is that of a pedagogue, whip in hand and platitude in mouth. He is always unspeakably shocked and virtuously indignant. Not thus are men's portraits painted nor their souls unveiled; to point a moral is not always to adorn a tale.



ELEY

CARTRIDGES

To make sure that at the crucial moment your cartridge will not fail—make sure that you specify the "ELEY" Brand.

The supreme Reliability of Eley Cartridges is best evidenced by their unique popularity throughout the world.

BRUSSELS EXHIBITION, 1910.
ELEY BROS., LTD., have been awarded The **Grand Prix** for their exhibits.

Always Reliable.

Three 12-bore Eley Specialities:

Eley "AQUOID," Waterproof, gas-tight, specially selected Eley Smokeless (33 gr.) powder.
Eley "ELOID," Waterproof, gas-tight, Eley Smokeless (33 gr.) powder.
Eley "ZENITH" Gas-tight, specially selected Eley Smokeless (33 gr.) powder.

Obtainable of all Gunmakers and Dealers.

ELEY BROS., LTD.,
LONDON.

THE PERMANENT REMOVAL OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A Lady Will Give You Her Secret Free.

For years I have searched for a simple and satisfactory way to remove superfluous hair from the skin, so that it would not return. Experiments proved to me that the various pastes, powders, depilatories, electrical appliances, etc. now on the market were often injurious, and not lasting in their effects. At last I discovered a plan which succeeded in producing marvellous, permanent results where all others failed. A fashionable Parisian lady who followed my advice says: "My face is now soft and smooth, and no one would ever think it had been disfigured by a growth of superfluous hair." Others write: "It seems too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. No matter how much or how little superfluous hair is on your face, neck, arms, or body, I am confident that you can now remove it, permanently, and with perfect safety. I will send full information regarding the secret of my discovery absolutely free to every woman who writes at once, but this offer is limited to a short time only, so do not delay if you wish to benefit FREE. Address: KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 459c), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., and you will receive full particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope.

Contractors to
H.M.
Government.

Diploma
d'honneur,
Brussels, 1910.

THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY LIMITED.

Invite you to call and inspect their LATEST MODELS at prices varying from 3½ guineas upwards.

LONDON 171 PICCADILLY, W.
LEEDS 38 NEW BRIGGATE
and at **PARSONS GREEN LANE, FULHAM, S.W.**

PRISM BINOCULARS MAGNIFYING 25 DIAMETERS

ARE MADE ONLY BY
AITCHISON & CO.

Opticians to British and U.S.A. Govts.



THEY HAVE
VARIABLE
DIAPHRAGMS,
(PATENT)
GREAT LIGHT-
GATHERING
POWER,
AND ARE ALL
CERTIFIED
BY THE
BRITISH
GOVERNMENT
LABORATORY
AT KEW.

The Certificate, signed by Dr. R. T. GLAZIER-BROOK, F.R.S., the Director, is given with each glass, and is a guarantee that the power is as indicated, and that they are in perfect adjustment.

× 9 MAGNIFICATION	.. £6 10 0
× 12 MAGNIFICATION	.. 7 10 0
× 16 MAGNIFICATION	.. 8 10 0
× 20 MAGNIFICATION	.. 10 10 0
× 25 MAGNIFICATION	.. 12 10 0

With Central Focussing Motion, £1 extra.

Prices include Best Solid Leather Sling Case, Postage and Packing to any part of the world.

Illustrated Price List of Prism and other Binoculars post free.

AITCHISON & Co.,

Opticians to British and U.S.A. Governments,

428, Strand;
6, Poultry;
281, Oxford St.,
and branches,
LONDON.



Leeds: 37, Bond Street.
Manchester: 33, Market Street.



PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

MILD and MEDIUM Strengths

Some smokers like the MILD strength
Others prefer the MEDIUM.
One of them is sure to please YOU.

Both the same price

BRITISH NAVY SERIES—
KING ALFRED THE GREAT.
A. D. 871.

10 — for — 3^d

0985

When other liqueurs pall because of their sweetness or inability to please your palate—ask for Allasch Kummel, the only genuine.

There is one way, and one way only, to get it. To ask by name for J. A. MENTZENDORFF & CO.'S

ALLASCH KUMMEL

But note—none genuine without the signature
"G. B. v. BLANCKENHAGEN" on the label.

Hunyadi János

Is the Best
Natural Aperient Water.
Bottled at the Springs.
Used the World Over.

Drink on arising a wineglassful for
INDIGESTION and

BILIOUSNESS

A PUNCTUAL PROGRESS

(With apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert). II.

JONES USED THE PUNCTUAL

Keystone-Elgin Watch

DURABLE AND ACCURATE.
£1 to £40
Of all Watchmakers & Jewellers.
Illustrated Booklet Post Free.

As Office Boy Jones made such a mark,
That they gave him the post of Junior Clerk;
He mastered his duties in every line,
"Keystone - Elgin" kept him up to the stroke of nine.
He started his work so punctuallee
That he rose to be Director at a big fat fee!



The Keystone Watch Case Co., Ltd., 40-44, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

The perfect edge, protected blade
and "no stropping" of the Gillette
Safety Razor make Gillette shaving
exceptionally clean, safe and easy.

Sold everywhere, One Guinea, with twelve double-edge blades. Combination Sets from 25/- Write for "Hints on Shaving," sent post free. Mention this paper. Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., 17, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

KOSMEO

60, NEW BOND ST., W. Telephone: 689 Mayfair.



TATTOOING

By the World-famed Artist

Professor G. BURCHETT.

Designs beautifully executed. Crests, Badges, or any special design copied. Crude work covered or removed.

**BESTS' LIGHT TRUNKS
SAVE EXCESS LUGGAGE.**

Write for List E
188, SLOANE ST., S.W.
and at ALDFORD ST., W.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only.

Put up in Glass Jars, price 1s.
Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., Ltd.,
33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

THE POPULAR SCOTCH:

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

GENERAL NOTES.

WHEN will Rudyard Kipling celebrate in verse the glories of the gramophone, as he has those of the banjo, for it, no less, accompanies the gentlemen rovers to the far places of the earth, and its range is infinitely greater than the banjo's "tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk"? In fact, there is no concourse of sweet sounds that the gramophone cannot reproduce. Its powers are once again shown by the October list of records issued by the Gramophone Company, which includes, as usual, selections of band music, songs, and instrumental solos. The bands which contribute are those of the Coldstreams and the Black Diamonds. Among the songs may be mentioned "Your Eyes Have Told Me So," sung by Mr. Evan Williams (tenor); "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," from "The Gondoliers," sung by Mr. John Harrison (tenor); "Love, Could I Only Tell Thee," sung by Mr. Robert Radford (bass); and a humorous song by Mr. Whit Cunliffe, "Up She Goes." The instrumental pieces include a piano solo from Schumann by Herr Backhaus, and a banjo solo by Mr. Vess Ossman, "Fun in a Barber's Shop."

Now that the weather shows decided signs of breaking up, many will be interested in the Dexter Weatherproofs, which, to quote their maker, "are not for the man who, preparing as for the

Deluge, delights to fetter movement and suffocate body in airtight oil-skins. They are built to satisfy the æsthetic sense as well as all ideas of physical comfort, and with such success that they are equally pre-eminent in town and country." They are made in three textures, and there is "only one proofing process good enough for Dexter Weatherproofs—a series of exclusive patented proofings known as the Dexter triple-yarn-proofing process." It is claimed for Dexter fabrics that they are "imperturbably reliable, infallibly weatherproof always." There is no rubber or macintosh in them.

Nearly a quarter of a century before the introduction of the breechloader the name "Eley" was a name to conjure with. When, with the advent of the breechloader, Eley Brothers began to make cartridge-cases, a single page catalogue, illustrating about a dozen different types, covered the whole ground. The Eley Catalogue for 1910, with its hundreds of shot-gun and rifle-cartridges—from the tiny rim-fire pistol-cartridge to the '600 bore cartridges for big-game—provides a lesson eloquent of progress. The proprietary names of "Aquoid," "Zenith," "Ejector," "Achilles," and "Elroid" apply to Messrs. Eley Brothers' higher-priced cartridges; whilst amongst the cheaper brands the "Acme," "Ecar," "Mars," and "Pluto" are rightly popular. Samples secured from the factory demonstrate in the most convincing manner the uniformity of Eley excellence.

SKIN LUXURY



IS CUTICURA SOAP

It does so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands and dry, thin and falling hair. It does even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co. Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston. 32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, a Guide to the Best Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.

Lotus are British

Lotus boots for men are made in Northampton, Lotus for women in Stafford, and supplied by more than 560 agents in London and the Provinces. Lotus is entirely a British enterprise. Write for local agent's address and Lotus catalogue. Address: LOTUS, STAFFORD.

* The makers of Lotus have been awarded the Grand Prix at the Brussels Exhibition.



362-22/6



233-22/6



143-22/6



654-22/6

Wearers of Lotus enjoy the same advantages as men who have boots made on their own private lasts; they can rely upon getting a first-class fit continuously. This is assured by the Lotus system of sizes and supply.

Once fitted, always fitted



Write for free book with patterns of Pure Wool Woven Underwear. Best value obtainable, being sold direct by the makers. Shrunk garments replaced.

Dept. H1, Atheneic Mills, HAWICK, Scotland.

Old Calabar

RABALAC
AND
BULL DOG MEAL

An unparalleled Offer to the Travelling Public.

PUKKA LUGGAGE

(Fitted with Airtight and Dustproof Adjustments.)



Every Trunk kept in repair Free of Charge for Five Years, and replaced Gratis if beyond Repair. A guarantee to this effect given with each Article. Write for Booklet "All about Pukka Luggage," or in case of any difficulty in obtaining same write to—

THE
PUKKA LUGGAGE Co.

34, Bowling Green Lane,
Farringdon Road,
London, E.C.,

Who will forward the address of their nearest Agent,



Bell's "Three Nuns" Tobacco

There are so few really high-class smoking mixtures that "Three Nuns" may be almost said to hold the field unchallenged in superiority of fragrance, flavour, and coolness. "KING'S HEAD" is stronger, but otherwise similar.

Both are sold at 6d. per oz., and are obtainable everywhere.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES, 4d. for 10.

No. 21

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Doctors Say There is a Harmless, Safe, and Sure Way to Remove it.

Dr. F. A. Starbuck says: "I Feel Justified in Making the Assertion that it is the Only Successful Method of Removing Hair."

Every woman who is afflicted with superfluous hair will undoubtedly be glad to know that there is but one proper and logical method of getting rid of this most annoying and embarrassing disfigurement.

The best authorities in the medical profession agree that De Miracle will destroy hair successfully, although there are many other unreliable things which claim to do it. The success which has attended this preparation as a means of removing hair is based upon the method by which it works. It is a purely scientific principle, and totally different from the pastes and powders and other remedies which simply break off the hair in the same way that the razor does, making the hair when it grows out again heavier than before.

As far as the electric needle or X-ray is concerned, both are not only unsatisfactory, but dangerous as well. The scars and burns of the electric needle last for a lifetime, and the dangers of the X-ray are indeed serious.

De Miracle may be used without any inconvenience or danger of any kind. The method by which it removes hair should not be classed or confused with that of the fake free treatments which are advertised so extensively in the newspapers.

Remember, De Miracle is the only method for removing hair which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals, and prominent magazines.

We shall be pleased, indeed, to send you absolutely free, in plain sealed envelope, a 54-page booklet containing full information concerning this remarkable treatment, as well as testimonials of prominent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals, and the principal magazines. You should read this booklet before you try anything. It treats the subject exhaustively. Write to De Miracle Chemical Co. (Dept. 178H.A.), 65 to 69, Mount Pleasant, Holborn, W.C., simply saying you want this booklet, and it will be posted, sealed in plain envelope, at once.



"Modern Society" says: "Practically imitable. He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift."

Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.: "The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts only known to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

"Theatre Magazine": "A mystic of the first rank. He reeled off my life, giving dates, describing the people and scenes; the future which he predicted is actually happening."

Clifton Bingham writes: "Mysterious, is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/-, for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. R. M. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.

A Professional Man writes:—YOU

ASTONISH & HELP

MARVELLOUS WEST END OFFER HAIR NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS SAVE 50 PER CENT.



ALL-ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS 30/-

ALL-ROUND.
30/-

30/-

30/-

Any Design,
All-Round

30/-



FRINGE
NETS
3/6 doz.
2/4 doz.

30/-

SEMI,
15/6

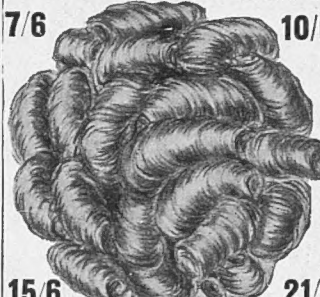
30/-

TEST AND GUARANTEE.
Only Best Quality Hair Used. We send all Goods on approval and Exchange with pleasure. This is our Guarantee of Good Faith. No Other Firm will do this Unreservedly as we do.

ENTIRE BACK DRESSING

7/6

10/6



15/6

21/-

This Season's Fashion.
CAPPETTE OF CURLS, 7/6, 10/6, 15/6, 21/-

TAILS OF BEST
QUALITY PURE HAIR.
16in., 2/6; 18in., 3/6;
20in., 5/-; 22in., 7/-;
24in., 11/6; 26in., 15/-;
28in., 20/-; 30in., 25/-;

OLD WIGS,
Transformations, Tails,
Frames, Acc. MADE
LIKE NEW at a
small charge.

OUR SPECIAL FRINGES,
to cover ENTIRE
FRONT of head,
10/6

EMPIRE
PUFFS,
2/6, 4/6,
7/6, 10/6.

SPECIAL ORDERS
Executed
in One Day.

ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS
IN PUFFS & CURLS

7/6

7/6



Grecian
Cluster

7/6

7/6

ASK FOR
NEW SEASON'S
LATEST
CATALOGUE
Just Issued.
Manageress
always in
Attendance.
Only expert Lady
Hair Specialists
employed.

Send to-day for New Illustrated Catalogue, just published, "How to be Beautiful," post free to any part of the world. Ask for a selection of
GOODS ON APPROVAL.
All Goods sent Carriage Paid with pleasure, packed and sealed in Private Safety Boxes. Telephone No.: 1300 Central.

THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO., LTD.

Dept. S., 9, NEWMAN ST., OXFORD ST.,
43, RAMPART RD., (nr. Sloane St. opposite Tattersall's) LONDON.

Wolsey

UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERWEAR.

For men, women, and children.
Prices and sizes to suit all.
Any garment that shrinks
will be
REPLACED FREE
OF COST.



A liquid dentifrice is mean and squalid
O. S. TOOTH BLOCK is sound and solid,
From scientific source it comes
As boon to tender teeth and gums.
Fear rubbish offered as "just the same";
Demand, with firmness, the address and name.

OSCAR SUTTON & Co.
PRESTON.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

Hinde's

Circumstances alter cases,
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

Real Hair Savers.

MARICH CIGARETTES

The Standard of Luxury
in Smoking: made from
the purest Turkish
Tobacco. Their ex-
quisite qualities
satisfy the most
critical Tastes.

Smoked
by
Royalty.

A solid leather
cigarette case con-
taining a sample
of these famous
Cigarettes will be
sent to anyone en-
closing a Postal
order (or stamps)
for 1/6, and men-
tioning this paper.

Supplied to
many of the
leading Naval &
Military Messes
and Clubs.

100 sent post
free for 7/-



V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA)
(Dept. S.) Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER

& Cure for Eczema, Ringworm, Rashes, Ulcers, &c..

Soothing
Healing
&
Antiseptic.



A Wonderful
Balm
on
New Lines.

Zam-Buk

THE great novelty of Zam-Buk is its *herbal* origin. Its marvellous power over skin disease and flesh wounds is the result of this, and the unique and complex scientific processes by which these rare herbal juices are refined and blended together.

Like the formula from which Zam-Buk is prepared, the process of the balm's manufacture is a secret one. Without the delicate and peculiar machinery, which is the exclusive property of the Zam-Buk Manufacturing Company, there could be no Zam-Buk. This unique balm is the most effective and most economical means of combating those many skin troubles and injuries that are a daily menace in many homes.

The most obstinate attacks of *eczema*, *ulcers*, and *poisoned wounds*, and the most troublesome outbreaks of *ringworm* and *scalp disease*, and the most distressing cases of *blind or bleeding piles*, yield to Zam-Buk's unique healing properties. Zam-Buk achieves the

astounding cures regularly recorded in the newspapers because Zam-Buk is a powerful balm on new lines, and entirely different from ordinary ointments and salves. In one small box is concentrated the antiseptic and healing power of "a complete surgery."

Zam-Buk is constantly recommended by nurses and first-aid experts as the ideal dressing for cuts, bruises, sprains, and abrasions.

Zam-Buk quickly *soothes* and *purifies* a wound or sore. It *renews* the *damaged* flesh tissues and makes them impregnable to disease-spreading germs. No flesh is healthier and more secure from future disease than the flesh that has been purified, cleansed, renovated and healed by Zam-Buk. A golden rule for every home is — Keep A Box Of Zam-Buk Always Handy.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, or obtainable direct from the Zam-Buk Co.'s depots, viz.:—45, Cow Cross Street, London, E.C.; 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris; Heerengracht, 22, Amsterdam; 39, Pitt Street, Sydney, New South Wales; 9, Dalhousie Square, Calcutta; 9, Long St., Capetown; or 58, Colborne St., Toronto.